new masses

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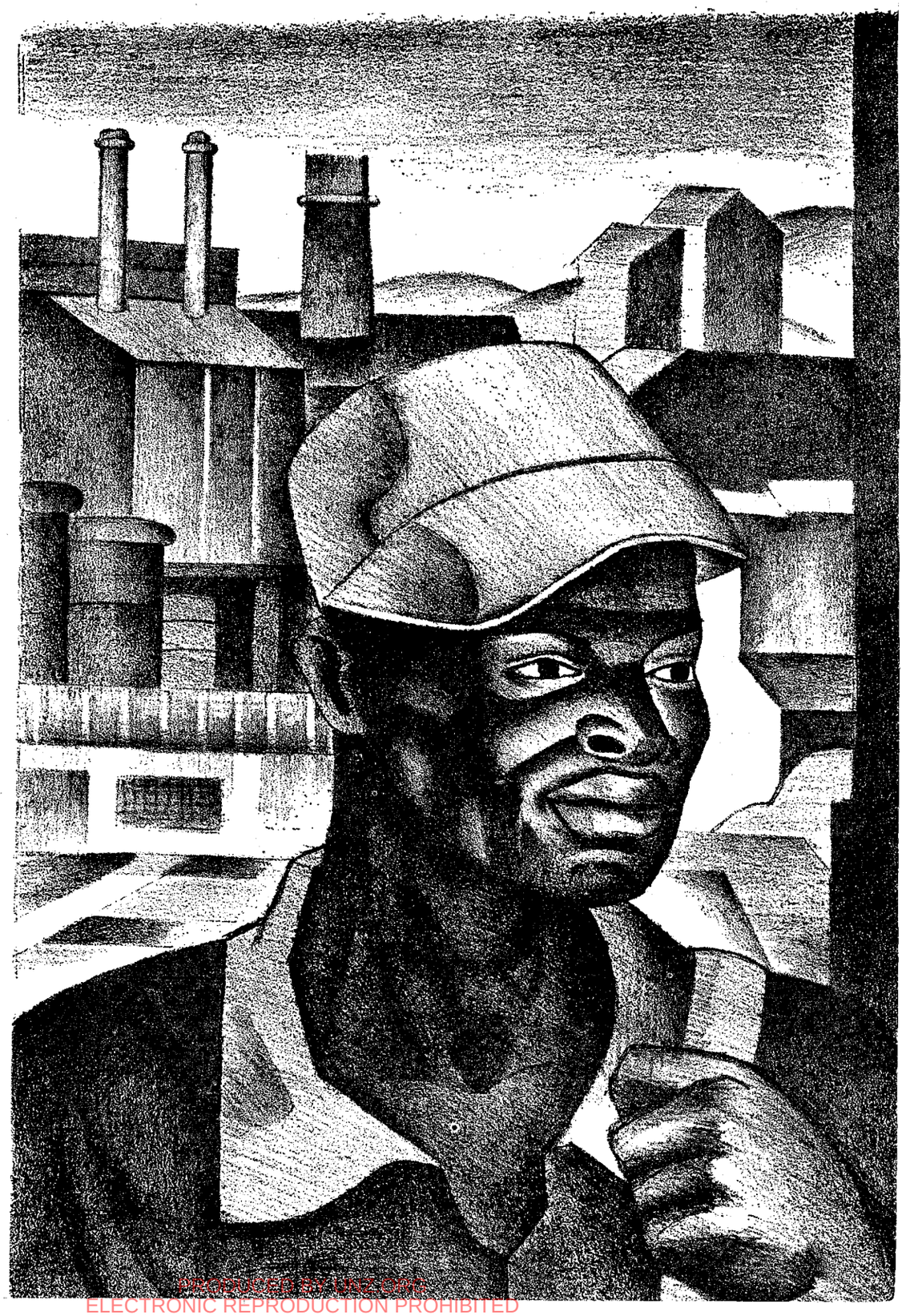
GEORGIA: TORMENT OF A STATE
by W. E. B. Du Bois

CHINA BETRAYED
by Frederick V. Field

GORILLA IN THE LIBRARY
by Joseph North



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just a minute

VISITORS come to NEW MASSES from everywhere, including Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and Sydney, Australia. Maybe you'll drop in to see us someday too. If you do you might very well find yourself feeling like a friend from Pittsburgh who greeted us with: "Say, howinhell do you ever find your way into this joint anyway?" So maybe we ought to tell you something about our place which is listed below in fine print as 104 East 9th St., New York.

No "joint," this ancient six-story red brick building which we inhabit; it's name is The Bible House. Joe Foster tells us that this building, which occupies a square city block, is the first multiple office building erected in the city; that it was standing here when Abe Lincoln spoke in Cooper Union across the street and that there are bullet marks on its walls from the Copperhead Draft Riots of Civil War days. Joe gave no proof for this historiographical note but we believe him. It's old, all right.

Our official address entrance, 104 E. 9th St., is on the north. What confuses some people is that the other entrances are 24 Third Ave., 45 Astor Place and 45 Fourth Ave., coming from east, south and west respectively. But they all lead to NEW MASSES, eventually. Built in the old style with an open court in the middle, the building's arched hallways lead around and around. But that's going at it the hard way.

The surest way to come is from the north, and then you can't go wrong. Right inside the door you'll see the alphabetical directory and there down among the N's you find us listed with the N. Y. State Council of Women, the Navy League of the US and Nick, D. We don't know what that last one means either. Then up the elevator to the third floor and here you are.

"LOOK, I only want a half a minute and I'm in a hurry—you know I'm on my vacation," says Doretta, practically sitting on our typewriter. There's never any doubt that she *is* in a hurry—but we don't know about the vacation part of it. Doretta Tarmon (she's our go-getting Field Director) works hard all year 'round and now that she's "on vacation" she seems to be working harder than ever. Right now she's tearing around taking care of the thousand-and-one details of the Big Doings at Carnegie Hall, September 22, about which you may have heard by way of the grapevine and our back-cover spreads these last few weeks. She doesn't stand still long enough to receive a well-deserved bouquet so we're taking this opportunity for such a presentation to Doretta, the live-wire in NM's works who does more than any other individual to make possible our unfailing weekly appearance on the stands and in your home.

LOWELL RICHARDS, a Seattle reader, puts us on the carpet in a recent letter: "What about the repeated requests to publish basic Marxist material which have appeared in the letters column? . . . Basically Marxism is a philosophy. From reading NEW MASSES one would find it hard to guess that there existed such a thing in the world as philosophy. The people, the workers, the artists, the white-collar liberals, all are hungry for philosophy."

Well, the only answer to such a demand must be action on our part. And we are preparing a series of articles on philosophy for early publication. Coming up this month is a penetrating discussion on "Frederick Engels: Philosopher," by Howard Selsam, who is also preparing a piece on Lenin's *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism* for our "Books That Change The World" series. Another article in preparation is "Marxist Philosophy and Freedom," by Rene Maublanc. NM invites further contributions on philosophical questions.

YOU may be interested to know that our short story this week is the work of a seventeen-year-old. Miss Elfriede Fischer was a refugee from Hitler Austria.

GROPPER, whose hard-hitting cartoons have been a part of NM since way back, is now on vacation. Take it easy, Bill, between rounds; we know you'll jump back fighting like the Joe Louis of the pen and brush that you are.

L. L. B.

new masses

established 1911

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GEORGIA: TORMENT OF A STATE

"The central thing is not race hatred in Georgia; it is successful industry and commercial investment in race hatred for the purpose of profit."

By W. E. B. DU BOIS

Drawings by Charles Keller.

This essay on Georgia, originally written in 1924—by one who had lived there from 1896 through 1909—possesses incomparably more insight and infinitely more beauty than may be found in the plethora of irrelevant lamentations, absurd analyses, and confused explanations that have filled much of the liberal press in these months of ferocious assaults upon the American Negro.*

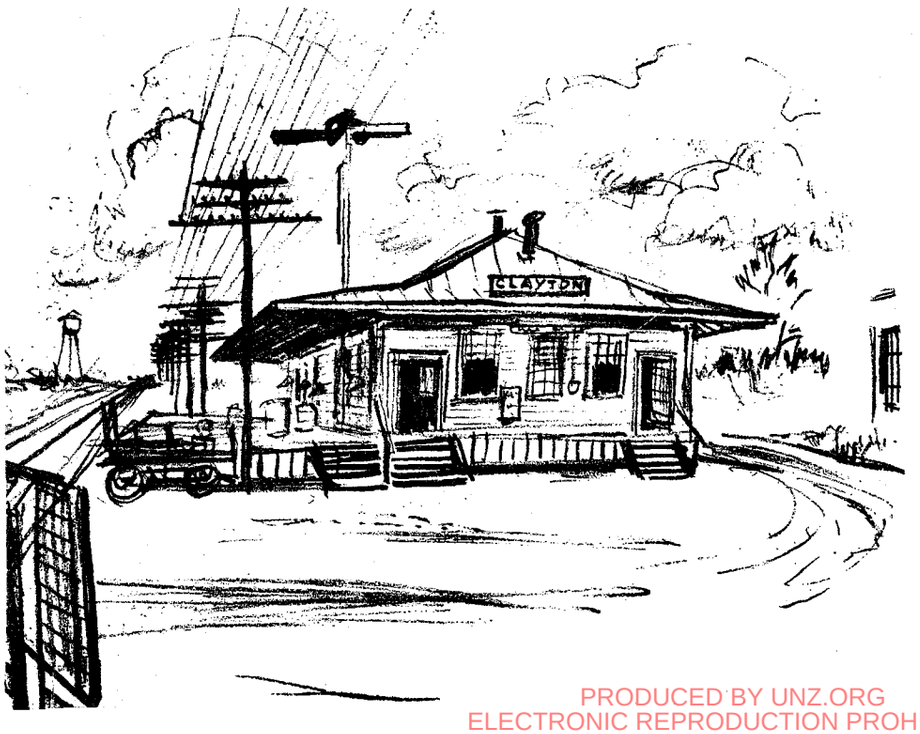
Change some of the names—insert George for Blease and Talmadge for Dorsey; add the heightened level of labor organization and unity, and the sectional and national developments of the past generation—envisaged here by DuBois—and one has a sharp, accurate and profound evaluation of what Charles Humboldt so aptly called the American Atrocity (NM, August 27).

This arises from the character of its author. No single individual represents in his own person so clearly as does DuBois the gifts bestowed upon America by the Negro. Present in this man are the moral courage to challenge the firmly entrenched and richly endowed Tuskegee machine, and the physical courage to resist the terrible Atlanta mobs of 1906 and the malignant investigations of the absurdly misnamed Department of Justice. Present, too, is an incredible industry that has produced some two-score volumes of permanent value, ranging from the pioneer professional work in Negro history published fifty years ago as Harvard Historical Studies Number 1, through such classics as "The Negro" (1915), "Black Reconstruction" (1936) and "Color and Democracy," published last year. Withal, a pattern of beauty and artistry is present throughout his work, filling such prose-poems as "The Souls of Black Folk," "Darkwater" and "Dusk of Dawn."

And always—militant struggle. For thirteen years DuBois was a leader, while living in Georgia, in resisting the Bourbon. From the Equal Rights organizations of the turn of the last century to the present day, we have a career of leadership and participation in the liberation efforts of the Negro people.

One might assert that just as the present historian of the Negro may label the epoch of Abolition as the Age of Douglass, so the future historian of the Negro may well label the Negro's torment and resistance during these years as the Age of DuBois.

HERBERT APTHEKER.



GEORGIA is beautiful. High on the crests of the Great Smoky Mountains some Almighty hand shook out this wide and silken shawl—shook it and swung it two hundred glistening miles from the Savannah to the Chattahoochee, four hundred miles from the Appalachians to the Southern Sea. Red, white and black is the soil and it rolls by six great rivers and ten wide cities and a thousand towns, thick-throated, straggling, low, busy and sleepy. It is a land singularly full of lovely things: its vari-colored soil; its mighty oaks and pines, its cotton fields, its fruit, its hills.

And yet few speak of the beauty of Georgia. Some tourists wait by the palms of Savannah or try the mild winters of Augusta; and there are those who, rushing through the town on its many railroads, glance at Atlanta, or attend a convention there. Lovers of the mountains of Tennessee may skirt the mountains of Georgia; but Georgia connotes to most men national supremacy in cotton and lynching, Southern supremacy in finance and industry and the Ku Klux Klan.

Now all this is perfectly logical and natural. Georgia does not belong to this nation by history or present deed. It is a spiritual borderland lying in the shadows between Virginia and Carolina on the one hand, Louisiana on the other, and the great North on the last. It is a land born to freedom from a jail delivery of the unfortunate, which insisted passionately upon slavery and gave poor old Oglethorpe and the London proprietors many a bad night because they tried to prohibit rum and slaves. But Georgia was firm and insisted: "In spight of all Endeavours to disguise this point, it is as clear as Light

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itself, that Negroes are as essentially *necessary to the Cultivation of* Georgia, as Axes, Hoes, or any other Utensil of Agriculture." Georgia had her way and this accounts for Georgia.

Georgia has always had a very clear idea of what she wanted. Of course, Savannah and Augusta with their old names and families loved and imitated the grand air of the slave barons, claimed cousinship to Charleston and looked down upon the "red necks" of the rest of the State. But Savannah and Augusta are not all Georgia. Georgia was originally a sweep of black land, twenty thousand square miles where the cotton kingdom laid its new foundations, gliding down from Virginia; and Georgia determined to make money and be rich. She fought every interference. To Georgia the Civil War was a matter of interference with the slavery that underlay this kingdom and according to that great Georgian, Alexander H. Stephens, vice president of the Confederacy, Georgia proposed to establish a new government whose "cornerstone rests upon the great truth, that the Negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery, subordination to the superior race, is his natural and normal condition."

The sweep of the cotton kingdom drove the listless, the poor and the unlucky back to the hills above and around Atlanta and kept oncoming hill-men from descending; while below Macon the great plantation system spread. Away to the south and west stretches this black land—the ancient seat of the Cotton Kingdom, the granary of the Confederacy. Swamp and twisted oak and mile on mile of cotton are neighbored by the new pecans, tobacco and peanuts. Below and to the left Brunswick and Darien sleep and decay, beside the waters that look on the Caribbean. Below and to the right the massive flood of Chattahoochee parades to the Gulf with muffled music.

When catastrophe came, Georgia was among the first to see a way out. While other states were seeking two impossible and incompatible things, the subjection of the blacks and defiance of the North, Georgia developed a method of her own. With slavery gone the slave baron was bankrupt and two heirs to his power had rushed forward: the poor white from the hills around and above Atlanta and the Northern speculator—"Scalawag" and "Carpet-bagger" they were dubbed—sought to rebuild the South. In the more purely agricultural regions this involved a mere substitution of owners and black laborers. But the development of Georgia was to be more than agricultural. It was to be manufacturing and mining; transportation, commerce and finance; and it was to involve both white and colored labor. This was a difficult and delicate task, but there were Georgians who foresaw the way long before the nation realized it. The first prophet of the new day was Henry W. Grady of Atlanta. Grady's statue stands in Atlanta in the thick of traffic—ugly, dirty, but strong and solid. He had Irish wit, Southern fire and the flowers of oratory. He was among the first to incarnate the "Black Mammy" and he spoke in three years three pregnant sentences: in New York in 1886 he made a speech on the "New South" that made him and the phrase famous. He said: "There was a South of slavery and secession. That South is dead." The North applauded wildly. In Augusta, in 1887, he added: "In her industrial growth the South is daily making new friends. Every dollar of Northern money invested in the South gives us a new friend in that section." The South looked North for capital and advertised her industrial possibilities, and finally he said frankly in Boston in 1889: "When will the black man cast a free ballot? When the Northern laborer casts a vote uninfluenced by his employer."

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In other words, Grady said to Northern capital: Come South and make enormous profits; and to Southern captains of industry: Attract Northern capital by making profit possible. Together these two classes were to unite and exploit the South; and they were to make Georgia not simply an industrial center, but what was much more profitable, a center for financing Southern enterprises; and they would furnish industry with labor that could be depended on.

THIS last point, dependable labor, was the great thing. Here was a vast submerged class, the equivalent of which was unknown in the North. Here were a half million brawny Negro workers and a half million poor whites. If they could be kept submerged—hard at work in industry and agriculture—they would raise cotton, make cotton cloth, do any number of other valuable things, and build a "prosperous" state. If they joined forces and went into politics to better their common lot they would speedily emancipate themselves. How was this to be obviated? How were both sets of laborers to be inspired to work hard and continuously? The *modus operandi* was worked out slowly, but it was done skillfully and brought results. These results have been costly but they have made Georgia a rich land, growing daily richer. The new wealth was most unevenly distributed; it piled itself in certain quarters and particularly in Atlanta—birthplace and capital of the new "Invisible Empire."

The method used to accomplish all this was, in addition to much thrift and work, deliberately to encourage race hatred between the mass of white people and mass of Negroes. This was easy to develop because the two were thrown into economic competition in brick-laying, carpentry and all kinds of mechanical work connected with the new industries. In such work Negroes and whites were personal, face-to-face competitors, bidding for the same jobs, working or willing to work in the same places. The Negroes started with certain advantages. They were mechanics of the period before the war. The whites came with one tremendous advantage, the power to vote. I remember a campaign in Atlanta. The defeated candidate's fate was sealed by a small circular. It contained a picture of colored carpenters building his house.

This doctrine of the economic utility of race hate is never stated as a fact in Georgia or in the South. It is here that the secrecy of the economic empire of Georgia enters. Two other facts are continually stated. The first is the eternal subordination and inequality of the Negro. The second is the efficiency and necessity of Negro labor, provided the subjection of the Negro is maintained.

Hoke Smith in his memorable campaign in Georgia in 1906 almost repeated Stephens of forty-five years earlier:

"I believe the wise course is to plant ourselves squarely upon the proposition in Georgia that the Negro is in no respect the equal of the white man, and that he cannot in the future in this state occupy a position of equality."

A white labor leader, secretary of the Brotherhood of Timber Workers, wrote about the same time:

"The next cry raised by the bosses and their stool pigeons is the "Negro question," and so we are often asked how will the Brotherhood handle the Negro and the white men in the same organization? Answer: How do the capitalists or employers handle them? To the employer a working man is nothing but a profit-producing animal and he doesn't care a snap of his finger what the animal's color is—white, black, red, brown, or yellow; native or foreign born; religious or unreligious—so long as he (the worker) has strength enough to keep the logs coming and the lumber going—that is all the bosses want or ask. It is only when they see the slaves uniting, when all other efforts to divide the workers on the job have failed, that we hear a howl go up as to the horrors of 'social equality.' Not until then do we really know how sacred to the boss and his hirelings is the holy doctrine of 'white supremacy.'"

On the other hand, once the laborers are thrown into hating, fearing, despising, competing groups, the employers are at rest. As one firm said, comparing its black labor with white: "Do the same work, and obey better; more profit, less trouble."

In agriculture poor whites and Negroes were soon brought into another sort of indirect competition. The Negroes worked in the fields the poor whites in the towns which were the market places for the fields. Gradually, the poor whites became not simply the mechanics but the small storekeepers. They financed the plantations and fleeced the workers. They organized to keep the workers "in their places" to keep them from running away, to keep them from striking, to keep their wages down, to terrorize them with mobs. On the other hand the Negroes worked to own land, to escape from country to city, to cheat the merchants, to cheat the land-holders.

Then in larger ways and more indirectly both groups of workers came into competition. They became separated according to different, but supporting and interlocked, industries and occupations. Negroes prepared the roadbed for the railroads; whites ran the trains. Negroes were firemen; whites were engineers; Negroes were porters; whites were mill operatives. Finally there was the Negro servant stretching all the way from the great mansion to the white factory hand's hovel, touching white life at every point.

In order to secure output and profits, the one essential was to bring race hatred and economic competition into such juxtaposition that they looked like two sides of the same thing. This is what Georgia did and did first. She did it so successfully that the whole South has followed her, although few other States have been so clear and single-minded. It was not by accident that Booker Washington made his speech advocating industrial peace between the races at Atlanta. Northern philanthropy offered industrial training to Negroes free as the price of disfranchisement. Southern industry offered the Negro protection and a chance to

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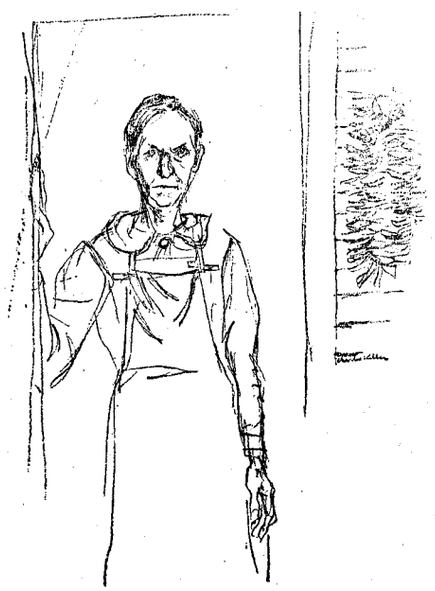
work as a condition of giving up agitation for civil and political rights. And both offered the white man a chance to work and to vote as long as he did not try to push wages so high that the Negro would "naturally" supplant him in industry.

Soon the subtle rivalry of races in industry began. Soon, to the ordinary Georgia white man, the Negro became a person trying to take away his job, personally degrade him, and shame him in the eyes of his fellows; starve him secretly. To the ordinary Georgia Negro, the average white man was a person trying to take away his job, starve him, degrade him, keep him in ignorance and return him to slavery. And these two attitudes did not spring from careful reasoning. They were so coiled and hidden with old known and half-known facts that they became matters



of instinct and inheritance. You could not argue about them; you could not give or extract information.

IT IS usual for the stranger in Georgia to think of race prejudice and race hatred as being the great, the central, the inalterable fact and to go off into general considerations as to race differences and the eternal likes and dislikes of mankind. But that line leads one astray. The central thing is not race hatred in Georgia; it is successful industry and commercial investment in race hatred for the purpose of profit. All the time behind the scenes in whispered tones and in secret conference, Georgia is feeding the flame of race hatred with economic fuel. And while this is not the conscious and deliberate action of all, it is so with some and subconscious with many others.

Skillfully, but with extraordinary ease, the power to strike was gradually taken from both white and black labor. First the white labor vote was used to disfranchise Negroes and the threat of white competition backed by the hovering terror of the white mob made a strike of black workers on any scale absolutely unheard-of in Georgia. Continually this disfranchisement went beyond politics into industry and civil life. On the other hand, the power of a mass of cheap black labor to underbid almost any class of white laborers forced white labor to moderate its demands to the minimum and to attempt organization slowly and effectively only in occupations where Negro competition was least, as in the cotton mills.

Then followed the curious and paradoxical semi-disfranchisement of white labor by means of the "white primary." By agreeing to vote on one issue, the Negro, the normal split of the white vote on other questions or the development of a popular movement against intrenched privilege is virtually forestalled. Thus in Georgia, democratic government and real political life have disappeared. None of the great questions that agitate the nation—international or national, social or economic—can come up for free discussion. Anything that would divide white folk in opinion or action is taboo and only personal feuds survive as the issues of political campaigns.

If real issues ever creep in and real difference of opinion appears—"To your tents, O Israel"—"Do you want your sister to marry a nigger?"

What induces white labor to place so low a value on its own freedom and true well-being and so high a value on race hatred? The answer involves certain psychological subleties and yet it is fairly clear. Wages and prosperity are in the last analysis spiritual satisfactions. The Southern white laborer gets low wages measured in food, clothes, shelter and the education of his children. But in one respect he gets high pay and that is in the shape of the subtlest form of human flattery, social superiority over masses of other human beings.

Georgia bribes its white labor by giving it public badges of superiority. The Jim Crow legislation was not to brand the Negro as inferior and to separate the race, but rather to flatter white labor to accept public testimony of its

superiority instead of higher wages and social legislation. He was made ostensibly the equal of the highest. He could not only follow the old aristocrats into the front entrance of railway stations, and go with them to the best theaters and movies; but in all places and occasions he could sit above and apart from "niggers." He had a right to the title of "Mister" and "Mrs." He could enter streetcars at either end and sit where he pleased or at least in front of blacks; he could ride in the best railway coaches and at his leisure saunter among the Negroes herded in the smoker next to the hot and dirty engine. He could sit in "public" parks and enter "public" libraries where no Negro could enter; he need seldom fear to get the worst of a street altercation, or to lose a court case against a Negro. He could often demand that a Negro uncover in his presence and yield him precedence on the pavement and in the store.

He grew to love those proofs of superiority. He boasted of the "niggers" he had killed and his marvelous sexual prowess with the "wenches." This fiction of superiority was carried into public affairs: no Negro school must approach in beauty and efficiency a white school; no public competition must admit Negroes as competitors. No municipal improvements must invade the Negro quarters until every white quarter approached perfection or until typhoid threatened the whites; in no city and state affairs could Negroes be recognized as citizens—it was Georgia, Atlanta, the Fourth Ward, *and* the Negroes.

The very striving of the Negroes

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strengthens this white labor attitude. All Negroes cannot be kept down. They escape, they rise; they steal education, they save money; they push and struggle up. The very success of the successful fastens the grip of the profit makers. "See," they whisper, as the black automobile, the new black home, the black and well-clothed family appear—"See! This is what threatens white labor—they're climbing on you—they're climbing over you—beware!" Not Negro poverty, crime and degradation, but Negro wealth, ability and ambition is the great incentive to the white mob.

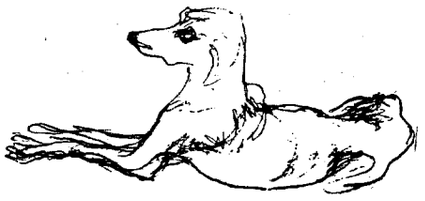
In return for this empty and dangerous social bribery the white laborer fared badly. Of modern social legislation he got almost nothing; the "age of consent" for girls in Georgia was ten years until 1918 when it was, by great effort and outside pressure, raised to fourteen. Child labor has few effective limitations; children of twelve may work in factories, and without birth registration the age is ascertainable with great difficulty. For persons "under twenty-one" the legal work day is still "from sunrise to sunset" and recently Georgia has become the first state in the Union to reject the proposed federal child labor amendment. Education is improving, but still the white people of Georgia are one of the most ignorant groups of the union and the so-called compulsory education law is so full of loopholes as to be unenforceable. And black Georgia? In Atlanta, there are 12,000 Negro children in school and 6,000 seats in the schoolrooms!* In all legislation tending to limit profits and curb the exploitation of labor Georgia lingers far behind the nation.

This effort to keep the white group solid led directly to mob law. Every white man became a recognized official to keep Negroes "in their places." Negro-baiting and even lynching became a form of amusement which the authorities dared not stop. Blood lust grew by what it fed on. Again and again the mob got out and demonstrated its "superiority" by beating and murder. These outbreaks must be curbed for they affected profits, but they could not be suppressed for they kept certain classes of white labor busy and entertained. Secret government and manipulation ensued. Secret societies guided the state and administration. The Ku Klux Klan was quite naturally reborn in Georgia and Atlanta.

Another method of surrendering to the mob was the extraordinary yielding to local rule. County after county has been erected by the legislature as a corporate center of local government, until today Georgia is not one state—it is 166 independent counties, counties so independent that if anarchy wishes to stalk in Wilcox County, Fulton County has little more power than a foreign state. The independence and self-rule of these little bits of territory are astounding. They lay taxes, they spend monies, they have partial charge of education and public improvements, and through their dominating power in the legislature they make laws. Only when they touch corporate property, industrial privilege and labor legislation are the reserve forces of capital and politics mobilized to curb them. In the law and administration of personal relations they are supreme. This decentralization increases year by year.

*Today, twenty-two years later, 26,528 Negro children, or 37.4 percent of the school population, have only twenty percent of the school buildings; and for every dollar spent on Negro education, six dollars is spent for white education.—Ed.

The second and concluding installment of this article will appear in our next issue.



portside patter

by BILL RICHARDS

News Item: Newspapers claim Soviet Purchasing Commission is ruining the Long Island estate rented from the J. P. Morgans. Special reporter from Patterson-McCormick chain deplores the untidiness and eccentric conduct of Commission members.

EASTBROOK O'DONNELL REPORTS

I HAVE just returned from a thorough investigation of the Morgan estate. I was shocked by the changes, although the Morgans never let me on the grounds when they lived there. The Reds are turning the once beautiful estate into a replica of Stalingrad in 1943.

There were remnants of borscht and potato orgies everywhere. There were empty vodka bottles on the ground, the necks having been bitten off in Bolshevik haste. The once clean shaven lawns now have five o'clock shadow and were strewn with back copies of *Pravda*. The path leading to the main entrance was cluttered with caviar tins and pages from our Atomic Bomb reports.

Inside the mansion the damage is even worse. The mustaches have been removed from all the Morgan ancestral portraits in sheer jealousy. The expensive tapestries have been pierced by a Russian dart game played with hammers and sickles. The living room looked like the scene of last year's Red Army maneuvers.

Getting into the grounds was no easy matter. The entrance is guarded by three Russian tanks, obviously smuggled into the country in the luggage of the Commission members, and a dozen huge Bears armed with tommy-guns. I managed to sneak through while everyone was holding firing practice.

The neighbors (the next estate is only five miles away) have been complaining bitterly about the noise. Wild parties are in progress from midnight to Revelry. The stately waltzes of the Morgan affairs have been replaced by wild kazotskas. And there are ugly rumors that the screams heard at night come from American businessmen being toasted by the Soviet Commission.

Long Islanders fear that by the time the estate is returned to its owners it won't be worth a plugged ruble.

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DOUBLECROSS IN CHINA

New facts which reveal Washington's deliberate betrayal of its own words. How the robber barons are muscling into the Chinese domain.

By FREDERICK V. FIELD

FOR quite a while they were saying that American Marines, planes, naval vessels and the rest were being sent into China after V-J Day in order to disarm the Japanese and send them back to Japan. Nobody, of course, really believed US government officials when they said this. Nobody, that is, who read and understood the dispatches from China. But by dint of frequent repetition and by virtue of the high officers from whom this lie came it did gain some currency. Many people are not particularly interested in China. Or, rather, they are deeply concerned with other issues, closer to home, which do not leave much time or energy for anything else. Among these people the lie about the purpose of American military intervention in China made some headway.

Some months ago the time came when there were not any more Japanese in North China. During the first six or eight months of the intervention the Japanese had been very useful to the Americans and to the Kuomintang. They had practically been made their military allies. But as the American-equipped and trained Kuomintang armies were moved into battle position —by the Americans—the need for the Japanese was eliminated. In any case the stench created by this new alliance with the former enemy was spreading rapidly and nauseating even some of those who were all for intervention against the Chinese democrats.

Along about this time the American government quietly dropped the original excuse about disarming the Japanese and began to throw new ones in. The US was intervening in order to keep essential lines of communication open. Essential to what? to whom? Or, according to another version, the task of the Marines was to guarantee deliveries from the North China coal mines to nearby ports. Could it be that these were the British-owned Kailan mines? Was it possible that the coal was needed to fuel the ships that were transporting Chiang Kai-shek's soldiers and American lend-lease supplies up the China coast? Strange that it should not be more important for the Chinese to use this fuel to turn the wheels of North China industry!

We have also been told that US military intervention was necessary to bring unity and democracy to the Chinese nation. That is where President Truman himself rests the case. The prestige of his office is such, thanks to some of his predecessors, that a good many people in the United States and elsewhere take this explanation at face value. I shall come back to this in a moment, for an understanding of Truman's statement on China policy of last December 15, in which unity and democracy for China was the refrain, is of cardinal importance.

But first, let us look at one other "explanation" that is being advanced currently. The government boys are a little cautious about mouthing this one themselves. Instead it is filtering through to the public indirectly. The New York *Times* says it; even the New York *Herald Tribune*, which sometimes is smarter, says it. Of course the entire American fascist press disseminates it. And individual pro-fascists and reactionaries, along with the Trotskyites, live by it. William Green of the AFL chorused the theme a few weeks ago. How does it go?

It goes like this: the reason US troops have invaded China, the reason US lend-lease is pouring into Kuomintang armies, the reason Chiang Kai-shek's coffers are flooded with US loans is that if the Americans did not do this China would be at the mercy of "Russian imperialism." "Russian imperialism" would, according to this thesis, take over China the minute the US withdrew. And, naturally, it would turn China into a "communistic" nation.

This sort of propaganda may sound silly to NEW MASSES readers. It sounds silly to any progressive because he knows that it is baseless. But let us not, simply for that reason, dismiss it. On the contrary, it must be taken very seriously, examined carefully. One must learn not simply that it *is* silly but *why* it is silly, and with that knowledge shatter this propaganda line wherever and whenever it appears.

This is the Hitler line, pure and simple. Hitler used it effectively to confuse and destroy much of his opposition. It was the Japanese military-fascist line. When they invaded Manchuria in 1931 they told a gullible world that they were doing it to save that area from Russian communism. When they moved further into Inner Mongolia and North China they told the world they were doing so to save the Chinese people from "Russian communistic imperialism." And a tragically substantial part of the world was taken in.

THIS fascist line has lost some of its force, but not all of it. In the judgment of American imperialists there is still enough force in it to make it an effective weapon against the people of China and the United States. And now that all the former US excuses—disarming the Japanese troops, guarding lines of communication, establishing unity and democracy in China—are becoming more and more transparent, the imperialists are resorting to this shameful page straight out of Hitler's and Tojo's book of lies.

The facts prove the very opposite of this propaganda. American imperialism has gone into China in order to make China safe for American imperialism. It has intervened in order to prevent, by military force, the Chinese from determining their own form of government. The role of American intervention is to block China's historic drive for freedom, independence and national strength, to obstruct democracy, to establish over China an American imperialist domination, to make of China an appendage of American monopolies and a bastion against the spread of democratic institutions throughout eastern Asia.

Every Chinese group, other than the right wing of the Kuomintang, has so branded American policy. The issue

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is not Chinese democracy versus communism. The issue is Chinese democracy versus American imperialism. The Soviet Union and communism are dragged into the picture only by the imperialists and pro-fascists themselves for the deliberate purpose of befogging the real issue.

How do those who claim that if the US pulled out, Russian communism would come in, support their propaganda? How do they explain the fact that all Soviet troops were withdrawn from Manchuria by the first week of last April and have since not shown the slightest indication of returning? How do they explain that at Moscow last December Secretary of State Byrnes and Foreign Minister Molotov pledged the mutual withdrawal of their respective troops from China as soon as their job with the Japanese was done and that it is the United States not the Soviet Union that has violated that pledge?

If the United States is really in China to establish democracy, how do those who put forward the anti-Russian line account for the following series of special imperialist privileges the US has won for itself since V-J Day? (1) The appointment of an American as head of the Chinese Customs Service. (2) The right of the United States to station troops and use naval and air bases in China. (3) The right, revised from pre-war days, of American ships to ply China's inland waters. (4) The revision of China's corporation laws so that Americans can participate on a fifty-fifty basis instead of the former fifty-one percent Chinese and forty-nine percent foreign basis. (5) The granting of General MacArthur's request that Japanese be given the right to fish in Chinese waters (and millions of Chinese are starving!). (6) The right of the United States to protect and control China's communications. (7) The Americanization—not nationalization—of the Chinese army. (8) Joint US-Chinese operation of training schools for the Chinese secret police.

Are these measures designed to establish unity and democracy in China? They cannot, in truth, be differentiated from the notorious Twenty-One Demands made by the Japanese during the World War I period. Except that while most of the Twenty-One Demands were denied Japan they have been attained by American imperialism.

Imperialism is a definite historical stage in the development of capitalism—the last stage, the stage of which fascism is but one aspect. Imperialism is the particular organization of the productive forces of capitalist society by monopolies and cartels. What we seem to forget, however, is that one of the characteristics of imperialism is that the words of its spokesmen are designed to confuse and bewilder the broad masses. And this has to be so because what is good for the imperialists is bad for the masses. What is good for the imperialists must therefore be disguised so that the people do not recognize it for what it is.

There is no cause for wonder, therefore, that the spokesmen for American intervention in China say that we intervene on behalf of Chinese democracy, and that they build up the straw man of "Russian communistic imperialism." There is cause for deep concern, though, that we are so slow to see through the demagogy—to see through it in large and organized numbers.

For instance, on Dec. 15, 1945, just as General George Marshall was stepping into the plane that was to carry him to China as the President's special envoy, President Truman issued a statement defining, *in words*, America's China policy. This statement had almost everything the people wanted, whether American or Chinese.

The statement flatly repudiated Chiang Kai-shek's one-party dictatorship. It placed—or rather it said it placed—the weight of the United States behind a coalition of China's democratic parties. It solemnly pledged that the American government would give no aid to the Chinese government until the dictatorship had given way to a genuinely representative coalition. President Truman specifically promised that US support would not be used to influence one side or the other in China's internal struggle.

Konzal.

Tojo: "Couldn't do better myself! But of course you've plenty of help."

The statement was a very skillful document indeed—except on one point. It assumed a unilateral American right to pass judgment on the Chinese internal scene and it thereby denied and openly violated the country's international obligations to the United Nations and to the Big Three. Administration demagogy slipped up on this point, or perhaps felt that it was too unimportant to bother about.

The Truman statement was quickly followed up by fairly spectacular accomplishments by General Marshall in China. With his help a military truce was achieved early in January, shortly

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followed by a multi-party conference in Chungking from which emerged agreements which appeared to have the highest importance. Meantime General Marshall was talking himself blue in the face about peace and democracy and taking (and getting) lots of credit for what was being accomplished.

Everything sounded fine and looked even better—on paper. The American opposition to Truman's China policy, even the opposition among progressives, was lulled into slumber. In China, too, the hatreds and suspicions engendered by former ambassador Patrick Hurley during the previous period were giving way to a feeling of good faith as far as America's intentions were concerned.

BUT all of these splendid paper documents turned out to be nothing more nor less than devices by which the American imperialists and the Kuomintang were attempting to deceive the Chinese and American people. For two or three months the attempt at deceit was successful. American policy was pursuing such a devious and at the same time complicated tactic that it was not until well on into the spring of the year that many Americans caught on to what was really happening.

It is plain now that neither the American government nor Chiang Kai-shek had the slightest intention of living up to the Truman declaration of December 15, to the inter-party agreements of January or to Marshall's weekly prayers of devotion to Chinese unity and democracy. *For while these declarations were being made and while these agreements were being signed the US and Chiang Kai-shek were taking steps to insure their violation.*

American planes and ships were transporting Kuomintang armies through Central and North China, and later Manchuria, in direct violation of the military truce which Marshall had arranged.

President Truman secretly, and without Congressional authorization, continued to pour lend-lease supplies into Chiang's armies. By the end of June the US had turned over a larger quantity of lend-lease to the Kuomintang since V-J Day that it had supplied China during the war.

General Marshall, in obvious violation of Truman's December 15 declaration, returned to Washington in March to arrange for a $500,000,000 credit to the unreconstructed government of Chiang Kai-shek.

Two hundred and seventy-one US naval vessels were turned over to the Kuomintang. Kuomintang crews were trained by American officers. Several hundred war planes were given Nanking. These are the planes which are now bombing Yenan, Kalgan and other Communist-led centers.

US so-called surplus war property throughout the Pacific area has been and is still being placed at the disposal of the Kuomintang.

Can any one interpret these actions as being consistent with either the policy laid down by the President last December or the high-sounding pretensions of General Marshall?

While these and many other acts of the American government encouraged and enabled the Kuomintang to tear to shreds the inter-party agreements, they were also given political and moral support of a more indirect sort. Shortly after the signing of these agreements the leaders of the Democratic League, a middle group of Chinese intellectuals, met in Chungking to celebrate the successful negotiations. The meeting was raided by Kuomintang hoodlums and the leaders severely beaten. Did General Marshall, or any other US official, speak a word or lift a finger in protest? When Chiang Kai-shek's troops openly violated the military truce—and this has happened regularly since last February, did Marshall indignantly speak out to support the policies he had so loudly proclaimed? When Kuomintang thugs assassinated three leaders of the Democratic League early this summer could it be that the eyes of the American officials were purposely turned away? They said nothing.

American imperialists no doubt underestimated the strength of China's democratic movement. And in that light we can appreciate that they were surprised at the extent of the concessions forced from the Kuomintang during the negotiations leading up to the inter-party agreements of last January. The imperialists, because of this underestimation, have doubtless been astounded that the Communist-led armies have refused to be intimidated into political and military surrender by either the US Marines or the Kuomintang armies. They have been astounded by the courage of the unarmed and defenseless leaders of the Democratic League who go right on condemning US policy and demanding democracy.

"Chinese Village," by Marantz.

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The Truman declaration of last December and the Marshall mission were premised in part on the mistaken belief that a fraudulent democracy and a fraudulent unity could be imposed upon the Chinese people from above, by US imperialism and the Kuomintang. Had they known beforehand how wrong history was to prove them perhaps they would have exercised more caution in their statements. Because it cannot be denied that even for an imperialist it is somewhat embarrassing to have to violate his words the moment after they are uttered. That makes it bad, not skillful, demagogy.

Today the imperialists are pulling their horns in a bit. The civil war for which the American government has so carefully prepared Chiang Kai-shek is in full swing. And it is not going very well for them. Again China's democrats have shown strength, courage and military skill way beyond the American-Kuomintang estimates.

The recent joint statement by General Marshall and the new US Ambassador, J. Leighton Stuart, admits failure. In admitting failure it condones the civil war. American imperialism is being forced into the open. Less and less can it disguise itself. The cloak of deceit is wearing thin. And what is undearneath is beginning to show in all its ugliness.

The course of American imperialism in China is reaching the dead-end of civil war. For beyond that, as in Spain, there is only one further step—international war. American imperialism in China is headed in that direction. It cannot turn itself off that road; that is the destiny of imperialism. *But it can be blocked, it can be cut down, it can be weakened at the roots and thus kept from its destiny.*

The American officials and the Kuomintang have one more card up their sleeves. They will seek to form a fake coalition government in China while at the same time pursuing civil war. This government will not be the one agreed upon at the inter-party conferences last January. It will be one which excludes the Communists altogether, and excludes all other genuinely democratic elements. It will seek, by terrorization, corruption and intimidation to bring into its fold a few non-Kuomintang individuals and few non-right-wing Kuomintang members.

Such a government will remain essentially what the Chiang Kai-shek government is today, Kuomintang-dominated, corrupt, leaning on the secret, pro-fascist police and subservient to American imperialism. It will not even be able to put on much of an appearance, for too much has happened and people both here and in China will want to look beneath the surface. Yet this fantastic notion of setting up a phony coalition government is exactly what the Americans and Chiang Kai-shek are now working on. The people should know by now that it will not work and that for Americans this fraud will cost dearly in blood and treasure.

MADRID

By JACQUES ROUMAIN

That sinister twist of mountains and the horizon encircled
by a storm of iron:
no more a smile in the heavens not a single blue fragment
nor a bow to fling the hope of an arrow of sunlight
the slashed trees straighten up groaning like discordant
violins
all of a village slumbers in the death on which it drifts
when machineguns riddle the screen of silence
when the riotous cataract explodes
when the plaster of the sky crumbles

And in the city the twisted flames lick the stuffed wounds
of the cracked night
and in the small deserted square where now hovers the quiet
horror
there is on the bloody face of this child a smile
like a pomegranate smashed by the grind of a heel

There are no more birds nor sweet birdsongs from the hills
the age of fire and steel is born, the season of apocalyptic
grasshoppers,
and the tanks advance, the obstinate invasion of gross
ravaging beetles
and man is seeded in the earth with his hate and his joy for
tomorrow
and when he springs up
you will destroy death, Hans Beimler,
the death which rattles a harvest of cries in the basket of
the plain

Here with the snow, the quarried teeth of mountains, is
the swarm of bullets humming over the carrion of earth
and the deep funnelled fear is like the maggot in the dead
pustule

Who recalls the unbelievable season, the honey of orchards
and the path under the branches
the bruised murmur of leaves and the tender laugh, the
good laugh, of the girl
the peace of the skies and the secret of the waters
. . . It is a long time since Lina Odena was killed in the
olive orchards down in the South.

It is here, the menaced space of destiny,
the shore where
the Atlas and the Rhine merge
into the single wave of open crime rearing,
breaking over the hunted hope of man.
This also is in spite of the brokenhearts embroidered on the
banners of Mohammed
the scapularies, the relics
the fetishes of murder
all the robes of the lie, the crossed signs of the past.
Here dawn rips the rags of night
in the screaming wrench of birth and in the humble
anonymous blood of farmer and worker
the world is born where will be wiped from the brow of
man the bitter scars of his single equality of despair.

Translated from the French by Milton Blau.

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GORILLA IN THE LIBRARY

An editorial by JOSEPH NORTH

One of the more distasteful obligations a New Masses editor undertakes is to wade through the daily commercial press which has, I feel, sunk to the lowest level in history. I cannot recall, at least in my own experience, a time in which its morality, political and otherwise, has been worse. Our journalism wallows in bestiality, and the exceptions are few and far between. The mind which accepts the atom bomb as the solution to international differences betrays the humanity of a gorilla. And about the most neanderthal of all is the Hearst press. Everything gruesome in our society—murder, rape, perversion, all the Kraft-Ebing horrors—are dragged onto the front pages, vivified with abundant photographs, described in gasping, last-minute detail, and forced upon the public as daily fare.

The insane youth who murders a child, the pervert who carves his initials upon his victim, become national phenomena who shuffle into your home, sit in your parlor, and, under police bludgeonings, shout every detail of their criminality into your ears. An adult, at least, can skip those stories if he will, but do the children and youth of the land? Murder, rape, perversion become part of their small-talk; and much of the decent parenthood of America allow this to go on unchallanged, conditioned as they have been by the shibboleths of the Publishers' Association. The lords of the press speak loftily about their responsibilities, but we know what guides them. "Will it sell newspapers?" And of them all, Hearst is the master.

It is all the more ironic, then, and abundantly suspicious, to find the campaign for "clean literature" spread over the pages of Hearst's journals. One needs a cast-iron stomach to see this spectacle of hypocrisy—to read the editorials, the trumped-up news columns solicited for expressions of unctuous concern about our national morality, side by side with the clinical murder and sex stories and photographs of people who should be in psychiatric wards, victims of a bestial, dog-eat-dog profit society. And this is not to speak of that crowning inhumanity—the crusade to administer liberal doses of Uranium 235 to any people defending their sovereignty against the rapacious American imperialists.

For weeks now, Hearst has been campaigning, in his traditional fashion (front-page editorials, solicited expressions, hopped-up news stories, horrific cartoons) for "clean books." Now, all responsible men and women stand opposed to pornography and books that palm that off as art. But we also know this: the dominant class in all capitalist and feudal society has conjured up "morality" as a peg on which to hang political campaigns. This, as Samuel Sillen has said in the *Daily Worker*, is "a phony issue" raised by "reactionary forces that want to crush literary realism, artistic standards, and any challenge to the existing social order." All informed readers know he is right when he says that "every serious work, from Shelley's *Queen Mab* to Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath*, has been hounded as 'filth' by the bigots who stand for everything backward in society."

Hearst's Clarence Budington Kelland, of GOP National Committee fame, let the cat out of the bag when he equated "loose political thinking" with "obscenity." And there is more than meets the eye when this tory ideologue writes, "It's all part of the pattern so strongly influenced by Communists." He has in mind not only the long-term goals of the Communists, but also the immediate issues they support and have supported—the win-the-war, win-the-peace goals for which the overwhelming majority of Americans yearn. "Loose politics" in his mind equates with the politics that have been characterized as those of Roosevelt; he means Big Three unity, peace, democracy, a better break for the common man.

In this campaign Hearst has full support of the reactionary Catholic hierarchs, who cite the "splendid" results the Catholic Legion for Decency has obtained in the films. Every informed person must acquaint himself with that record. Here, too, in the name of "morality," the Church hierarchy has suppressed many first-rate anti-fascist movies; for full details we refer you to Thomas Bledsoe's article in the June-July number of the *Protestant*—"Hierarchy over Hollywood." Because these clerical reactionaries have got away, so far, with their high-pressure tactics in Hollywood, they seek to extend their power over creative literature.

Hearst has called forth, as he always does in his campaigns, expressions of support from those who see eye to eye with him, and from the unwary. To a man the various churchmen and others—like John Stelle, the war-hungry leader of the American Legion who quickly "pledged" his 3,300,000 members to the campaign—reiterate the words of the hypocritical editorials. Some may mean well; others are highly suspect. But not one of them—and this renders whatever testimony they present as worthless in my eyes—has excoriated the Hearst press and the rest of our commercial journalism for trafficking daily in murder and sex abnormality. Have the Lords of the Press become so powerful that they are sacrosanct? Why, for every "obscene" book about which they virtuously fulminate, millions of newspapers circulate daily, bringing their regular dosage of filth, lies, immorality, to the overwhelming majority of our people.

Needless to say, this campaign is a further step in Hearst's *drang nach* fascism. This crony of those now in the dock at Nuremberg is far worse than a rank hypocrite: he is a spokesman for that most ruthless, most brutal section of monopoly capitalism that is fascism. His is a serious, deliberate act which carries the most deadly implications against truth, against genuine art and culture, against peace. Goebbels has taught him many a trick: or, to be more accurate, should that not be put the other way around?

For these reasons we welcome the anti-Hearst meeting called by the young and rapidly growing Contemporary Writers, on September 15, at the Hotel Capital, New York. This should be but the first of many. Do not be misled by the fact that the campaign has begun in the unspeakable Hearst press; powerful forces stand behind it, forces that would destroy democracy as quickly as they would art; that would kill you as heartlessly as they would a book by Howard Fast, by Ben Field.

Hearst's Brisbane, who loved to philosophize upon the relative strengths of the gorilla and man, would have loved this campaign. His gorilla is prowling over the land and is reaching for your mind.

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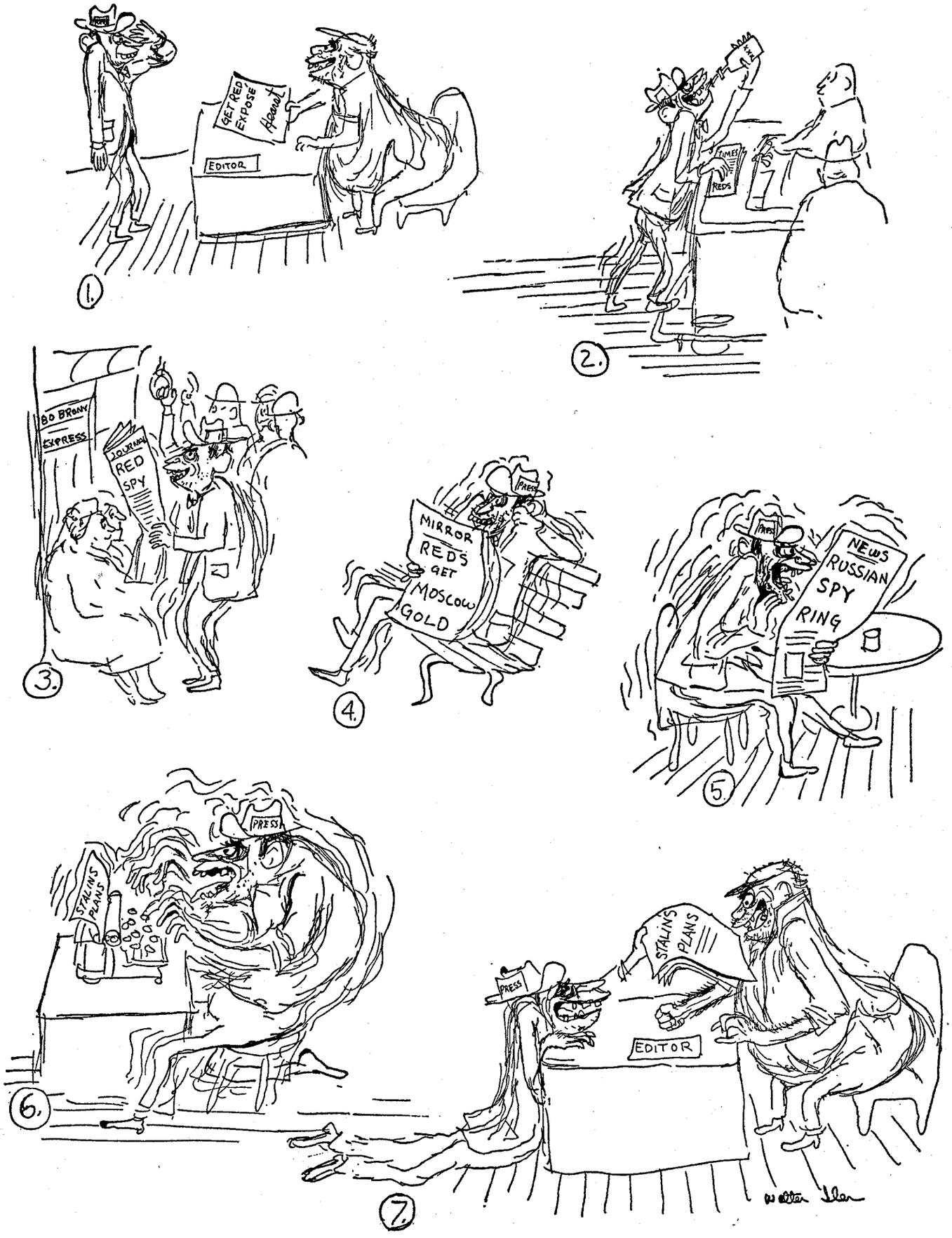

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POGROM

"Irma looked out of the window and saw what she believed to be the most beautiful view in the world. It was the Kahlenberg and the Vienna Woods."

By ELFRIEDE FISCHER

Illustrated by A. Dobkin.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning, and the third period had just begun. Notebooks and pens appeared on the desks, books were given out, classroom doors opened and closed a few times, then closed for the last time, and silence fell on the old school house.

With her black hair drawn severely back from her pallid face, the teacher began the lesson. One after another of the little girls got up, and recited. It was a beautiful poem, very romantic, about a hero, and friendship, and loyalty. It was the story of Richard the Lion-Hearted, who was imprisoned, no one knew where, and of how Blondel, the minstrel, played his song before every prison in Europe. And what a song it was! Whenever another stanza was finished, the little girls held their breaths and dark eyes sparkled at the wonderful words: "Seek, Blondel, seek loyally, and you shall find." And then again the mournful song: "Richard, Richard, hero of the East. . . ." And finally, one night when the moon was shining brightly, a faint whisper from inside a dungeon where Richard sobbed and sobbed. He had found what he had sought, and how triumphantly he proclaimed to all the world: "Seek, Blondel, seek and you shall find."

At this highly dramatic moment, when handsome, gallant men on dark horses were haunting dark little heads, another dramatic event occurred: the classroom door opened. In came fat Frau Markin. That was Edith's mother. But why should Frau Markin come now, when school wasn't over yet for another three hours? It was only on Saturdays that school closed at eleven-twenty. But this wasn't a Saturday. This was a Thursday, a Thursday in November. . . .

"Dr. Abramovitch, Dr. Abramovitch!" the small, fat woman panted to the teacher. Apparently she had been walking very quickly. The class was surprised. No one had ever seen Frau Markin like this before.

She wanted to take her Edith home. After all, in times like these, you never knew, it was better everyone should be at home, safe behind his own four walls.

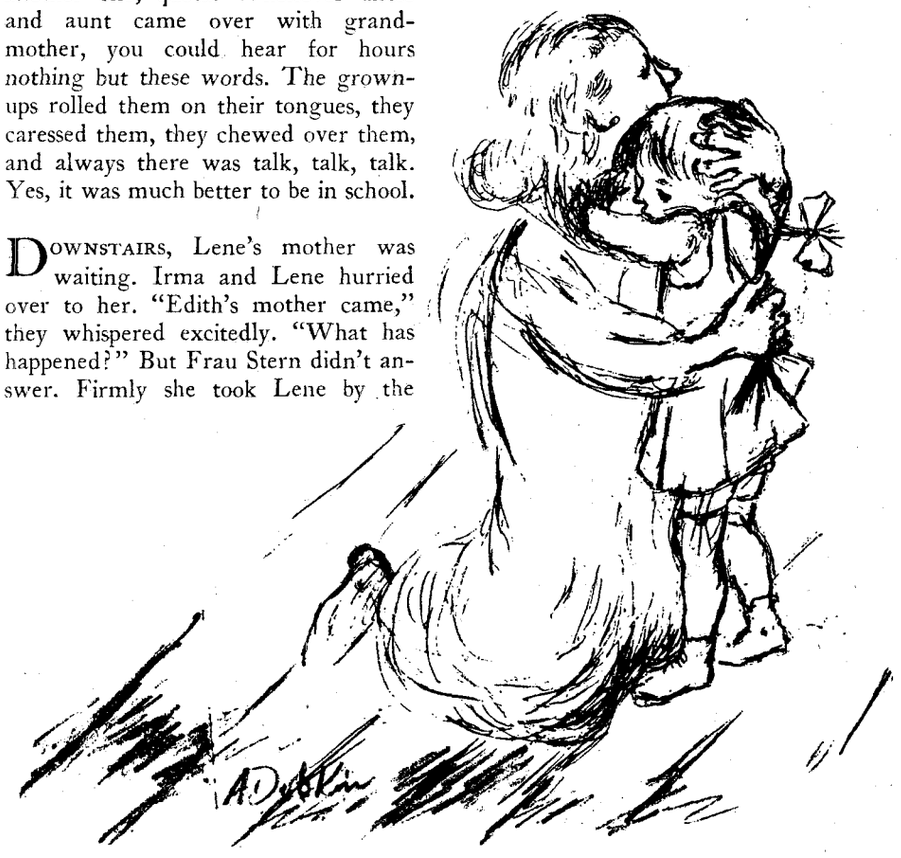
"Yes, in times like these . . ." Dr. Abramovitch shrugged her shoulders and let Edith go. The others were surprised. Didn't their parents always say "the best place for children is in school"? Yes, undoubtedly it was. The children agreed. At home it was different now than it had ever been before. There were always people coming and going. And how all the grown-ups waited for the mail man! They expected letters from Australia, from the United States, from Cuba, from the Argentine. Yes, it was easy to learn geography now. It was even easier to acquire a large, new vocabulary. Strange, fascinating words were in the air. There was the word affidavit, for instance. Then there was another one, quota. Whenever uncle and aunt came over with grandmother, you could hear for hours nothing but these words. The grown-ups rolled them on their tongues, they caressed them, they chewed over them, and always there was talk, talk, talk. Yes, it was much better to be in school.

Downstairs, Lene's mother was waiting. Irma and Lene hurried over to her. "Edith's mother came," they whispered excitedly. "What has happened?" But Frau Stern didn't answer. Firmly she took Lene by the hand, with Irma on the other side. The two little friends lived in the same house, and Frau Stern always took Irma home, too.

They passed a truck. Suddenly a young, strong voice bellowed: "Any more Jews?"

Irma stepped from the sidewalk, and began to walk rapidly, almost to run, with eyes always to the ground. "Irma," the sharp whisper reached and reassured her. Frau Stern grabbed the trembling little hand and walked rapidly on. But not too rapidly. "You silly girl, to behave like that." But Irma laughed. It was all over now, and nothing had happened. With her heart still pounding Irma had already half-forgotten the incident.

They had crossed the bridge and were now in Vienna's famed "Second District," Vienna's ghetto. Now it was



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only a few more blocks. Irma began to be nervous again. Lene's chatter irritated her. What did Lene know? Her mother was here beside her, and her father was in Switzerland. But Irma's parents were both right here in Vienna, and Irma hadn't seen them since early morning. Many things could have happened since then; what was it Edith's mother had said? Oh, yes, "In times like these. . . ."

Finally they reached the big red-brick house. Lene and Irma lived on the fifth floor, and it took one quite a while to get up there. Irma was usually the first one. She was always eager to get home, because father was generally home now. It seemed strange, that both her parents should always be home. Of course, in the past, too, when so many people were unemployed, that had happened quite often. But it seemed strange, just the same.

Out of breath, Irma reached the fourth floor. Then her mother's voice: "Irma, is that you?" One more flight, two more steps, and Irma was in her mother's arms.

"Irma, Irma, thank God you are here, at least. Uncle Joseph is in his store, hiding. They came four times to his house already. Uncle Max has disappeared, and they took all the people who were on the way to the community center. Papa too."

"Papa, Papa too?" For the second time that day, unspeakable terror gripped Irma's heart. Her father, her own Papa, was in danger. In danger of his life. Compared to this, nothing and nobody mattered. What about Australia, or Cuba, or whatever it was going to be? All the fine plans they had made! In back of Irma's mind was always the idea: Dachau. Dachau meant death, sooner or later. In all the world, no fate seemed worse to little Irma than Dachau.

And so they paced the floor, and cried, and speculated, like hundreds of thousands of others on this dark November day. Irma rubbed her little hands, but they wouldn't get warm. Irma was hungry; that's why she was cold. But neither Irma nor her mother thought of food. The fire had long since died down, and it took time and a great deal of patience to light the little stove. The coal was bad, and the paper was damp, and the matches were ersatz.

Irma looked out of the window and saw what she believed to be the most beautiful view in the world. It was the Kahlenberg, and the Vienna Woods. Along the winding paths, barely visible from so far away, Irma thought she could detect certain trees, a farm house, a tavern, where she had visited with her parents and classmates. Once, she remembered, her parents and some relatives had hiked to the Kahlenberg. It had been a sunless day, but they had gone anyway, because they had looked forward to this trip for days. Then, just as they had reached the highest peak, it had started to rain. Someone made the remark that they should have brought umbrellas. Irma's mother had started to laugh so hard that she couldn't stop for a long time. It really was funny. The idea of bringing an umbrella along on a trip into the woods, as though you expected it to rain! And remembering, Irma burst into loud laughter. Quickly she clapped her hand over her mouth. What was there to laugh about? The dreary room, with the filthy wallpaper that hadn't been changed for twenty years, seemed dearier and darker than before.

Neighbors came and went, and whispered and consoled each other, and their tears mingled and brought them closer to each other. Time went by, and it was getting darker. Irma's mother decided to go to all the police stations of Vienna to inquire about her husband. At five o'clock it was already completely dark, and safe to go out.

They went from one police station to another, and always it was the same story: "Oh, yes, there were some men inside, but not Karl Lundt." After each answer, hopes sank lower and lower, and bigger and bigger loomed the spectre of Dachau, until it crowded out all other thoughts.

At ten o'clock Frau Lundt went home with Irma. They couldn't cry; there was a dryness in them, and no tears would come. Their faces were pinched and drawn. Irma was so tired that she thought her legs would give way under her. She undressed and went to bed. Shivering with cold and fear she lay there, wondering what her mother was doing in the kitchen so long. Maybe she had turned on the gas. . . .

Early next morning, on awakening, Irma remembered the happenings of the last day. She got out of bed, dressed quickly, and gulped down her glass of cocoa. She noticed that her mother didn't eat, but she didn't dare say anything. Her mother was a stranger now, and Irma felt awkward in her presence.

FRIDAY passed. Irma thought of school and of how wonderful it would be to be there now. But there was no school on this day. When Jews are beaten and jailed, Jewish children don't go to school. That's the way it had always been, and little Irma Lundt wasn't going to change it.

The rain had stopped, but there was no sun. It seemed to Irma as though the sun would never come out again at all. The streets were wet and there were few people out. Far away, the Kahlenberg was clouded in mist and only its barest outlines were visible.

Suddenly, a strange, rumbling thunder was heard. Irma looked at her mother. They listened intensely. Again, that strange noise. "The Temple," Frau Lundt whispered hoarsely, "they're blowing up the Temple."

"How strange mother looks," Irma thought. She stared into the big black eyes, and then quickly looked away. Her eyes fell on the brown grandfather-clock. It was two o'clock. Silently Frau Lundt placed two sandwiches on the table, and silently Irma ate them. She was worried about her mother, who seemed to have no intention of eating at all.

The church struck three. Then five. It was getting dark. It seemed unbearable to Irma to stay another minute in the dark room from which even the beloved Kahlenberg looked so gloomy and threatening, and so very far away. Nothing could be heard except the sound of marching feet every half hour or so. Up on the fifth floor it wasn't very loud. All the more terrifying were the songs that came from the wild throats: Songs about Jewish blood spurting from the knives, and if you looked out of the window you could see those knives flashing in the young hands. Then the Horst Wessel song; they were making the streets free for the brown battalions, free from the red plague. Irma listened attentively, shuddering. The red plague. . . . Those were the Reds they were singing about. A name sprang into Irma's mind: Ernst Thaelmann. Irma remembered her parents saying it. But that was long ago. Irma had been small then. Now she remembered a big hall, and all around it enormous red flags. She remembered how ex-

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cited she had been. It was a big event and her parents had talked about it for days before, and had promised to take little Irma along. And then Irma, in her new sailor dress and her white socks and brown, polished shoes had sat pressed between her parents. The songs, the people, the bright red flags, the excitement—it had been wonderful. Then someone had talked, but Irma couldn't remember now what the slim woman in the blue dress had said. Everybody cheered when she had finished.

The church clock struck six. Again, Irma was worried about her mother. She was sitting there, hands in her lap, staring into the cold fireplace. She moved uneasily. Suddenly, Frau Lundt seemed to remember Irma's presence, and, sighing, got up and went into the kitchen. Irma followed her, glad of the change.

Soon they were joined by their boarder, Herr Kummelmann, a little, shrivelled up old Polish Jew, who wasn't very fond of washing. Irma had never liked him. But now old Kummelmann didn't seem so bad. In fact, Irma was glad to see him. He started talking to Frau Lundt, trying to console her. The way Kummelmann talked had always been enough to enrage Irma. He talked Yiddish, and that was an unforgivable sin. But this time, strangely enough, it didn't seem so bad.

"OPEN up, open up," a voice shouted. It was an S.S. voice, the kind that could always be recognized. Irma turned her pale face to her mother.

"Herr Taubstein," whispered Frau Lundt. They were banging at the door of Herr Taubstein, who had been shell-shocked in the war.

"No, no," Irma whispered, with tears choking her voice, as her mother unlocked the door. Frau Lundt turned and looked into Irma's distorted, terror-stricken face. Silently she put her finger to her lips. Irma understood. Shaking like a leaf she held the door, and listened while her mother talked to the S.S. men.

"Please, gentlemen, Herr Taubstein will open in just a minute. He is very slow. He was shell-shocked in the World War."

"You don't say. We know how you Jews fought in the war; behind the banking-desks. We made all the sacrifices and you made all profits. Ha ha."

Irma was surprised. Her father was a Jew, but Irma didn't think he had made any money during the war. Else why should they have always lived so poorly, ever since she could remember?

The voice became threatening: "We know some have to be the anvils and some the hammers. So now we're going to be the hammers for a change, and you the anvils!"

At this moment Herr Taubstein opened the door. It was very dark in the corridor, but now one of the men flashed a strong, white light. Curiously Irma peeked through a crevice in the door. She stared at Herr Taubstein. The surprise was so great that it crowded out pity. In all her life, Irma had never thought anyone could be as pale as Herr Taubstein was now. His face was so white that Irma thought her mother's table-cloth couldn't be any whiter.

A few minutes later, Irma watched how Herr Taubstein fumbled with his keys, and how his hands shook. The S.S. men looked on and grinned. One of them whirled a whip.

"I'm going with Herr Taubstein, Irma, to the station," her mother said. Irma nodded. Slowly she closed the door. It was very dark in the apartment, and Irma's heart beat violently as she posted herself at the kitchen window, which overlooked the street. Now the fog was gone, and the stars were out, bright and clear. In her geography lessons Irma had learned that these same stars shone over all countries, even the most distant places. Remembering that now, Irma wondered what other countries were like. Lost in contemplation, she was awakened by regular, even sounds, coming from the street. It was Herr Taubstein's cane, beating on the pavement. Irma stood with her forehead pressed against the cold glass of the window. The night was dark and cold, and Irma was thinking. Not the way she had been thinking before, when snatches of the past had appeared and disappeared before her, but thinking intensely, consciously, about her father, about the many, many people she had seen at the police stations the last day, thinking that she was a Jew, trying hard to remember what the woman in the blue dress had said. . . . Minutes passed.

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THE STORK CLUB GOES FOR DEWEY

Despite the press blitz labor is moving toward an anti-Dewey coalition in November. Primaries expose GOP leader's election-year "liberalism."

By S. W. GERSON

Thomas E. Dewey

SARATOGA, town of rococo hotels, slot machines, fast-stepping fillies and the water that's good for what ails you, was only the encampment where the hosts of New York Republicanism gathered. But it was in comfortable Wall Street law offices, private clubs and midtown hotels where the real plans were laid to re-elect Governor Thomas E. Dewey. For long before the September 3-4 gathering of the Republican clan at Saratoga the lines were drawn. Big business knew its man and its objectives. In the classic fashion of big business everywhere, it sought first to divide and demoralize its opposition—the plain people and, in the first instance, the organized workers.

They tried to do this on Primary Day, August 20, but they were fundamentally unsuccessful. True, the GOP reactionaries and their allies organized themselves in an unprecedented fashion and perhaps even took some labor leaders by surprise. It was practically a mass exodus from the swanky beaches and polo fields on Primary Day in New York. The Southampton *sans-culottes*, many of them sober, too, cluttered the club cars and jammed the highways in their zeal to get to town. In serried ranks the barefoot boys of Park Avenue marched to the polls to cast their ballots for Frederic R. (Call-me-Fritz) Coudert and Frederick van Pelt Bryan against Joe Baldwin, Vito Marcantonio, Revolution, the Wagner Labor Relations Act and housing for the common people.

At the Stork Club there was high merriment that night when the returns filtered in and it became clear that the Grand Old Party was disinfected from germ-carriers of progress. But developments at the Stork Club, while undoubtedly useful fodder for Broadway columnists, hardly constitute a major trend in political life, the August New York *Times* to the contrary notwithstanding. The *Times* hopefully, almost prayerfully, discovered an "unmistakable anti-leftward swing" in the primaries. With considerably less dignity the Hearst and Scripps-Howard press sang the same refrain: the CIO-PAC routed, no more American Labor Party threat and Marcantonio practically banished from the halls of Congress. But the very vigor of the newspaper tub-thumping indicated a certain lack of conviction. A close examination of the actual facts proves that the press blitz was more a stage effect than actual artillery.

Of New York City's 2,000,000 enrolled voters, about ten percent went to the polls Primary Day. The great mass of voters, most of whom are enrolled Democrats and American Laborites, and normally vote for progressives—that is, New Dealers or labor-endorsed liberal Republicans—did not come out. That can fairly be construed as apathy, perhaps, but it hardly suggests a mass movement to the party of Harding, Hoover, Taft and Dewey.

But an even closer scrutiny indicates much more. While labor-backed candidates were not victorious in several contests, they registered an amazing stre[illegible] *within the ranks of the major pa*[illegible] at the results of seven h[illegible] Democratic fights:

Ham Fish

those of Reps. Vito Marcantanio, A. Clayton Powell and Donald O'Toole; congressional candidates Eugene P. Connolly and George Rooney; Assemblyman Leo Isacson and Assembly candidate Samuel Kaplan. All seven save Powell and O'Toole are ALP members, and Powell and O'Toole are closely associated with the ALP. In those seven Democratic primaries about 105,000 votes were cast, nearly 46,000 of which went to the seven. In other words, forty-three percent of the Democratic voters voted for Laborites or labor-backed Democrats. *When four out of ten enrolled Democrats vote for laborites and progressives, it proves not Labor Party weakness, but a great power of attraction.*

SIMILARLY, in the Republican primary contests in which Marcantonio, Powell, Isacson and Assembly candidates Ada Jackson and Chester Addison were involved, a total of about 14,600 votes were cast. Of these, the progressive five listed above received 5,600 votes, or about thirty-eight percent of the total cast. Even if

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one includes the results of the Baldwin-Coudert vote, where the local machine swamped Baldwin, the fact remains that nearly thirty percent of the Republican voters preferred a progressive, even when he was not a member of their own party, to a machine-backed reactionary candidate.

But if the press has been unable to stampede the citizenry with what Robert Thompson, Communist candidate for governor, termed "an enormous Republican fraud," labor is not fooling itself about the serious implications of the primary results. The results did indicate both the strong grip that the Dewey clique has on the state Republican organization and the fundamentally reactionary direction of the Dewey leadership. Certainly the campaign itself helped to strip Dewey of that slight veneer of election-year "liberalism" with which he approaches the unwary.

"And furthermore, how many men did *Russia* send overseas, anyhow?"

Unceremoniously purged were two remnants of Wendell Willkie's following in the party—Rep. Joseph Clark Baldwin, in the silk-stocking 17th Congressional District, and Augustus Bennett in the 29th, an upstate area. Baldwin was defeated by the machine-backed Coudert and Bennett by Mrs. Katherine St. George of the Tuxedo landed gentry. Mrs. St. George, GOP leader in Orange County, received the open and vociferous backing of the pro-fascist Ham Fish, who in 1944 had been defeated by Bennett.

Coudert's record is an interesting one and sheds a revealing light on those whom Governor Dewey prefers. Said the New York *Post* on August 21: "Dewey may find his refusal to repudiate Coudert's legislative record a source of considerable embarrassment. Coudert was the lone New York State Republican who sought to block passage of the Ives-Quinn Anti-Discrimination bill. He vigorously opposed all rent control. A Wall Street lawyer himself, Coudert maneuvered through the legislature a bill banning small stockholder's suits. In the opinion of the American Investors Union this allowed corporate mismanagement to go unchallenged by stockholders."

The new role of Coudert is especially significant. Coudert, member of a powerful international law firm, has represented Vichy France and Schneider-Creusot in the American courts. He is an old, trusted, shrewd and *direct* representative of big bankers here and abroad. His entrance into national politics can only be viewed as another development in the merger of the reactionary Republican machine with the international cartels. Evidently the powers behind the GOP feel they need more than the ordinary politico to do their bidding; they must have one of their *direct* representatives. And they have their man in the aristocratic Fritz Coudert.

COUDERT truly represents the fundamentally reactionary Dewey viewpoint on foreign affairs, about which the governor displays a curious reticence.

But if Dewey has been cautious about international questions, he has been voluble about domestic affairs, seeking to strike the pose of a "practical" Republican liberal. Despite considerable fanfare from Albany—Dewey, in Harold Ickes' famous phrase, "makes the best speeches money can buy"—the governor's legislative record proves him something less than the liberal he claims to be each election year. The Dewey-dominated legislature in 1946 defeated bills on health insurance, the sixty-five-cent wage minimum and extension of unemployment insurance to groups not yet covered. He made a grandstand play for the middle-class voter by cutting state income and business taxes—but said nothing about rising prices which wipe out whatever gains the white collar and professional man might have made through tax reductions. By his tax reductions, which benefited primarily the bankers and giant industrialists, and by withholding aid from the municipalities, Dewey laid the basis for doubling the sales tax in New York City. His tax policy also lays the groundwork for boosting New York City's subway fare.

With a half billion dollar surplus in the State treasury, Dewey has been miserly in respect to the veteran's bonus and housing. His men rigged up a neat constitutional amendment which will permit the payment of a bonus of $250—in 1948, a presidential year, and not now when the veterans need it most. With more than 200,000 veterans in New York City badly in need of housing, state funds will have aided the completion of only 6,185 apartments by this fall.

Dewey's reluctance to assist low-rent housing is based on his exploded theory that housing should be financed by private enterprises, which means the banks and the great mortgage finance companies. It is interesting to note in this connection that one of Mr. Dewey's brain-trusters, Supt. of Finance Elliott V. Bell, was involved in a recent mortgage scandal. The great insurance monopolies and banks of New York State have organized themselves into a ring, ostensibly to protect the mortgage market, but actually to fix mortgage rates at monopoly levels and to restrict privately-built housing. Some of these same monopolists were active in advancing the Stuyvesant Town project in New York City—a Jim Crow project. Nonetheless, Mr. Dewey and his legislature found no difficulty in adopting legislation making possible public assistance to the Stuyvesant Town project and its sponsor, the giant Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

There have been some earnest ef-

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forts to advance Dewey's cause in the organized labor movement. And, it must be admitted, through appointments and various blandishments and other means known best to former district attorneys, Dewey has made some headway in top circles of the State Federation of Labor. But the Dewey point of view is not meeting too much sympathy among the rank and file. The state convention of the AFL refused to be stampeded into an endorsement. The ovation accorded Senator James M. Mead and the rank and file support of the AFL Mead-for-governor committee is proof that the Dewey movement is striking few roots among the AFL membership.

Dewey's real views on organized labor and the right of city employes to organize were evident in Rochester during the recent general strike. There the city employes sought the basic right to organize and bargain collectively. The local Republican administration savagely persecuted these workers, discharging scores of them, thus precipitating a general walkout. Rochester labor, which includes many rank and file Republicans, has no illusions about Mr. Dewey. The Rochester AFL Central Labor Council roundly rejected a motion to endorse the governor.

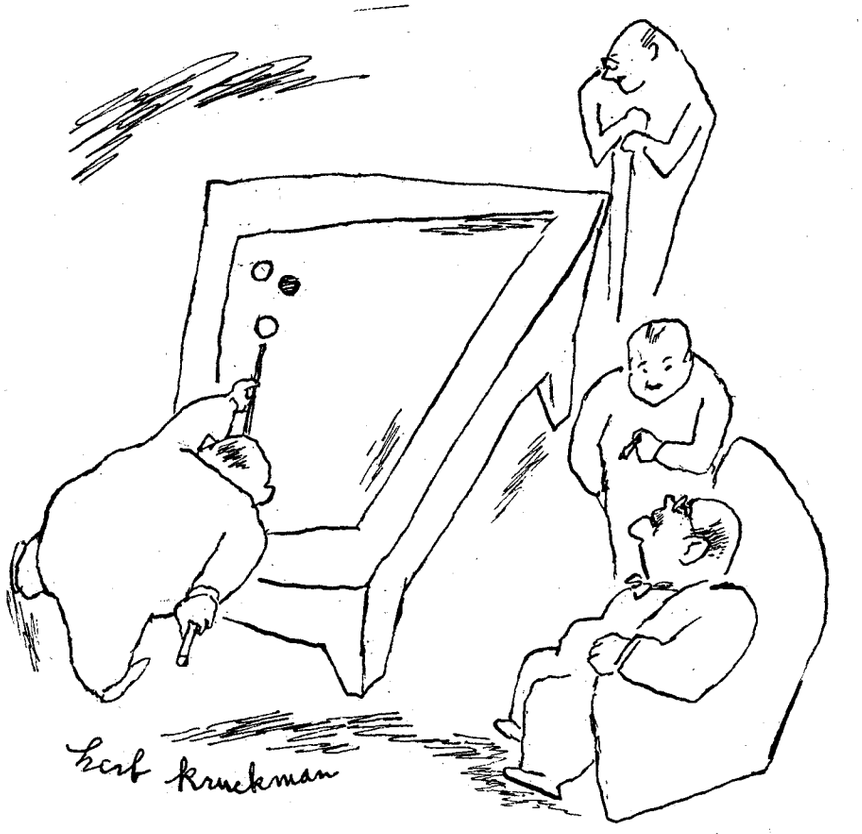
DESPITE Mr. Dewey's kind words about racial discrimination, his Attorney General, who is in possession of more than one thousand names of Ku Klux Klansmen in New York State, refuses to make public these names and to take the necessary action against the anti-Negro, anti-Semitic, anti-Catholic KKK. The hypocrisy of the state administration is further shown in the notorious Freeport case, where two Negro brothers, Charles and Alonzo Ferguson, were shot down in cold blood by a policeman on Feb. 5, 1946. After ignoring for months the demands of Negro and white citizens for action against Patrolman James Romeika and Republican District Attorney James Gehrig of Nassau County, Governor Dewey finally appointed Lawrence S. Greenbaum as a special investigator. After a brief investigation which reputable attorneys charge was simply another whitewash, Dewey closed the case—or so he imagined.

Furthermore, the hypocrisy of the state administration is demonstrated by its action upon the state-wide demand for a new bias-free university, a demand that has been particularly sharply voiced by ex-GI's who fought Hitlerism only to discover upon their return that here, too, we have the quota system in schools and colleges. Dewey's technique in this instance was simple—he appointed a commission to "investigate." Meanwhile, thousands of New York's young people, including ex-GI's, find that they cannot enter a university in their own state because of quotas against Jews, Catholics, Italians and Negroes.

Dewey's position is, unfortunately, receiving some assistance from within Democratic ranks, principally from the forces around James Aloysius Farley, who is closer to the Southern bourbons than to the Northern electorate. Farley is opposed to the type of coalition with labor necessary to defeat Dewey. The Democratic state organization, however, has a group of solid New Dealers like Henry Morgenthau, Jr., who, while not vocal in party affairs, form something of a counter-balance to the Farley grouping. Actual organization strings are in the hands of men like State Chairman Paul Fitzpatrick and his executive assistant Frank Doyle, both of whom are practical politicians and realize that it is impossible to defeat Dewey without a coalition with labor and independent forces.

It is this emerging coalition that the Dewey forces fear most. The election figures of the last eight years prove the utter need for a coalition. In 1938 Dewey lost to Herbert H. Lehman by 62,000 votes, the ALP providing the necessary margin. (Actually it was the Communist vote that year which provided the balance of victory. The Communists withdrew Israel Amter, their candidate for governor, and nominated him for representative-at-large, for which post he received 106,000 votes. Had Amter remained in the race for governor, Dewey would have won.) In 1940 President Roosevelt carried the state against Wendell Willkie by 224,000 votes, the ALP again being the balance of power. In 1944 President Roosevelt swept the state against Dewey by 316,000 with the ALP the balance of power. Only in 1942 did the Republicans win out. That was the year the Farley forces took over the Democratic convention and named their man, John J. Bennett, for governor. Dewey then carried the state by a plurality of 637,000 over Bennett and a majority of 234,000 over Bennett and his ALP opponent, Dean Alfange (now one of the leaders of the Social-Democratic-controlled Liberal Party.)

The moral is obvious to all informed



"We must not discount facts, Willoughby—socialistic ideas sound very plausible to fellows in the lower brackets."

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persons. Writing in the New York *Times*, August 24, the veteran political writer, James A. Hagerty, said: "The large New York State pluralities for Franklin Roosevelt as a candidate for President and once as a candidate for governor were due to the support of organized labor, liberals, independents and members of the so-called racial groups.

". . . To elect Senator Mead and the rest of the Democratic state ticket, the coalition must hold, not merely in name, but actually."

It is to the building of this coalition that New York progressives, who see the implications of a Dewey victory, are pledged. The ALP, CIO-PAC, Citizens PAC, the Independent Citizens Committee and other groups are already working in that direction. The Communist Party was perhaps the first to stress the urgency of creating an effective anti-Dewey front. The Communists placed a ticket in the field and made it quite clear that their principal purpose in the campaign was to rally the voters around an effective, progressive anti-Dewey program and candidates. The ticket, headed by Robert Thompson, veteran of the Lincoln Battalion and the 32nd (Red Arrow) Division and recipient of the Distinguished Service Cross for "extraordinary heroism" in the New Guinea fighting, will remain in the field only if there is no other effective anti-Dewey alternative for the voters of New York.

But there are signs that this coalition is being formed and that New York progressives are heeding Thompson's warning of a month ago that: "Defeat of the reactionary Dewey administration can be effected by a labor-progressive-Democratic coalition which will stand on a program of Big Three unity, rejection of the Truman-Byrnes-Vandenberg atomic diplomacy, a vigorous fight for price control, speedy construction of low-rent housing, especially for veterans, the protection of labor's hard-won rights and the abolition of Jim Crowism and all other forms of racial and religious discrimination."

Unity on that type of program can beat Dewey and the Wall Street forces he represents. But it will take all the understanding and the energy of labor and progressives to do so. Apathy, caused by postwar disorientation of millions and disillusionment with the course of the Truman administration, undoubtedly plays into the hands of the Dewey crowd. However, the millions of voters who marched forward with labor and the New Deal to fight reaction can be roused to fight again. Communists, militant unionists and all other progressives have a big and urgent job cut out for them.

ATOM BOMB FOR ARTEK

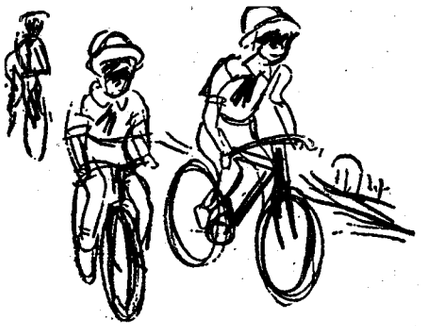
"I almost met Mr. Bullitt once." But much has happened since the day the ambassador signed the guest book at a children's camp in Crimea.

By LLOYD L. BROWN

I HAVE never met Mr. Bullitt—William Christian Bullitt. He is the man who wants to drop atomic bombs on the Soviet Union. That's what he says in his new book. And the New York *Times* likes that book. There must be many among the rich and powerful in this land who admire Mr. Bullitt and his book and who say to each other in their chrome-and-red-leather clubs: "*you know, I think* Bill has got something there. . . ."

I almost met Mr. Bullitt, once. It seems a long time ago—so much has happened. Millions have died, thousands of cities have been leveled, whole peoples have been uprooted during the twelve years since 1934.

A few miles from the workers' rest home where I was vacationing that year in the Crimea was Artek, a children's camp. They said it was the best one in the whole USSR, so I decided to see it for myself. One day after lunch instead of following the usual custom of taking a nap in the blazing August heat I set off down the road—it was little more than a dusty seashore path—that they said would take me to Artek.



Along both sides of the road the cypresses stood stiffly erect like troops at dress parade. To my right was the blue—the incredibly blue—water of the Black Sea, the *Chornie More*. On my left the mountains rose precipitously from the narrow beach. There was no traffic on that road and the silence was broken only by the rustle of wind in the trees and the rhythmic slapping of the sea's waves against the shore.

While I trudged along I had the strange sensation of being absolutely alone—as if there were no other living person in this wildly beautiful and ancient land. And then, suddenly, around the corner of a rocky promontory—Artek!

And there were the children, hundreds of them, their sun-browned bodies looking like so many baby seals playing on the beach and splashing in the water. Even from far off I could hear their childish shrieks and happy laughter.

In the administration building, amid rows of little white cottages, I was welcomed by the director, a curly-headed giant in his early thirties. We managed to talk to each other in his broken English and my even more mangled Russian. Then the inevitable visitor's book to sign—and that's where I learned that I had just missed meeting Mr. Bullitt.

On the day before my visit Bullitt, the first American Ambassador to the Soviet Union, and his aides had signed the guest book of Camp Artek. I don't remember the exact words which this distinguished guest had written therein, but it was lavish praise of what he had seen in Artek.

The young director could hardly wait to tell me all about "Mister Boolitt"—this *khoroshy chelovek*, this ex-

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cellent person, an *Amerikanetz*, too. Do you know Mr. Bullitt? No? Ah, that is very bad—if only you had come yesterday you would have met Mr. Bullitt—a real friend of Russia—he had nothing but words of friendship for our country and our children. And that is good, that is very very important—that America and Soviet Russia be good friends. Yes, your Mr. Bullitt, he is a very good man, a good friend of ours.

I was shown through the camp—the playrooms, the dining hall, the library. All elicited from me the thumbs-up sign which is the expressive Russian for OK! Excellent. But best of all were the kids: representative of all the republics, from all the European and Asiatic peoples who make up the Soviet Union—brothers and sisters all.

I spent the day with the children, and that night there was an *agonka* held in the natural amphitheater near the beach, a bonfire ceremony arranged in my honor—just for me. No, not just for me—for all *Amerikantsi* who were friends of the Soviet people. Mr. Bullitt's official visit had been a brief one as such must be for important people. But since I wasn't in any hurry the children would present the special program which they had prepared.

WHAT a show it was—there in the light of the burning log-fire! Each of the nationalities had something to present: the plaintively beautiful songs of the Ukraine, the strange chants of Turkestan, fantastic Circassian dances—all in costume, and as a backdrop the purple shadow of the sea and the stars big and low in the sky, millions of them hanging heavy like clusters of grapes on a vine. And after the group performances the mass singing—hundreds of children raising their young voices in the gay, strong, ...d songs of the socialist land.

...t the end, of course, I had to make ...speech. One of the assistant leaders, ...eningrad *Komsomolka*, *would* ... Perhaps it was better that I did have to speak through the pauses of her translation—it gave me a chance to clear the lump from my throat. I told the kids about America. Even now I can see their faces, animated and ruddy in the firelight.

Handshakes and farewell. Going back on the moonlit path I didn't think about Mr. Bullitt. All I could think of was what wonderful children these were—the youth of the new socialist society.

I've never forgotten Artek. I remembered that carefree camp in the dark days when Hitler's barbarians swept over that sunny land. And how I cheered when the Red Army finally drove them back over the mountains, across the wide rivers, beyond the border to Berlin. Now, I said, they will rebuild Artek and the children will laugh and sing again.

I wonder whether Mr. Bullitt has forgotten about his visit to Artek. Anyway it doesn't matter. He wants to drop atomic bombs on those children who thought he was their friend. No one would care much about this if it were something that only he wanted. But Mr. Bullitt of Philadelphia's Main Line is a rich man and his friends are men with millions—and influence. One of his sponsors is Henry Luce, who shoots millions of hate-Russia bullitts into American homes each week.

Back in 1944 when the Soviet Union was our ally in the war against fascism Mr. Luce's *Life* magazine published an article by Bullitt attacking Russia. I sat down and wrote a letter to *Life*, saying that such articles were harmful to the anti-Nazi war and against our nation's interest. Mr. Luce didn't answer me. But I did get a letter from Barbara E. Jones, "for the Editors."

"Dear Sergeant Brown," she wrote, "the opinions Mr. Bullitt expressed represent one attitude, and no purpose is served by refusing to admit the existence of conflicting opinions in the intrinsically controversial matter of American-Russian relations. The fact that Mr. Bullitt is a Russophobe has never been a secret, but it seems to us that unity which results from turning a deaf ear to the opposition has a very shaky foundation indeed. In closing we would like to point out that a true appreciation of the Freedom of the Press consists not only in reading what you approve, but in reading with an open mind what you do not approve. Thank you for writing so frankly. . . ."

Well, Miss Jones, I still don't have an open mind about Bullitt. "Freedom of the Press" as practiced by the Luces and expounded by the Apostle Byrnes in Paris is rapidly replacing patriotism in Dr. Johnson's dictum as to what constitutes the last refuge of scoundrels —including promoters of atomic diplomacy.

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A BOY'S DEATH

By MILLEN BRAND

(In the Railroad Strike at Reading, 1877)
—from "Local Lives"

The air crowned his hair softly,
blowing childhood over his forehead,
fringing eyes that were eager
but denied their eagerness in shyness.
He ran much through the town.

On Saturday, at Reading's Penn and Seventh,
curious,
he stood with his hand at his eyes . . .
and over Reading the mountainous
risings of cloud over mountain,
the ridge clear from the valley
and railroad track, lay
heavy like the smoke
falling stroke by stroke
from factory, foundry,
to the rows of red roofs,
the orange-red roofs
of the city.

Railroad workers' delegates
were then talking, arguing.
Wage cuts, hunger
had brought them or those near them
to the last step of the stair of patience.
Night after night
through the winter before,
cold had crowded them
to the refuge of police or workhouse light . . .
The boy walked through files,
aisles of workers waiting—
half aware of shadow dropping
east from Pittsburgh
(twenty-six workers were fighting and dying
as they talked . . .)
When the light on the sky walked
dark, the crowd took
its uneven way slowly
into the red-shadowed alleys. Oley
and the valleys east took sleep
like the city.

The next night the news from the west
changed order to hate.
At ten o'clock
the last passenger train from Philadelphia
approached with scabs.
Back on the Lebanon Valley track,
the strikers tore up track,
great stretches and, cursing
set freight cars ablaze. While the "cut"
was being watched, a mile out
a bridge began to burn. The wood
roared up in the flames' hood
and fell hissing to the river.
The boy smelled the smoke here
and the sparks drifting, heated
in bands of light gutted
skyward. Yet the trains came.

And the next day the same.
In the afternoon the strikers poured
tons of coal on the tracks, turned
freight cars still unburned
into barricades—a train shrieked
at six around the bend of "Neversink,"
and hit the link
of barricades and coal and got through,
plowing debris and coal up
smoking black into the air.
The dust settled on the boy's hair,
and through its coughing blindness, lip
was stained with the black
shadow from the track.

As night fell, a regiment
of Pennsylvania Volunteers,
soldiers poorly disciplined,
joined the Coal and Iron Police.
The Coal and Iron Police stayed in,
but the soldiers, marching out
through embattled Penn Street,
went to "free" a train.
Their clouded eyes
strained through coal smoke,
through stones, through the roar of hate,
until the checks of thought gave out.
The workers caught the straight-on shot.
Lewis Eisenhower fell,
lead through his femoral,
Daniel Nachtrieb through the eye,
the whistle of eternity . . .
Ten running from the spitting lead
lay down in the gutter's bed,
the sidewalk's hospital, and died
from their brother Germans' lead.

A boy with pale hair
was carried into a drugstore
and bled to death there. He was there
following the law that draws
children after ambulance,
fire gong, or any noise . . .
Eager with childhood's joys,
with love, with hope of seething trees,
sun, the torrent life,
he was laid back on a floor to die
for railroad's private property.

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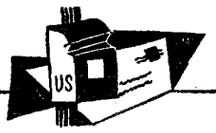

Ferrini's Poetry

To New Masses: In the July 16 issue of NM, Tom McGrath reviewed *Tidal Wave*, by Vincent Ferrini, a review that must have elicited a number of replies—for a "pro" letter and a "con" letter on McGrath's review were subsequently printed in "Mail Call." Without wishing to interject my opinion of *Tidal Wave* or McGrath's review of it, there is a matter of importance which I believe deserves to be called to the attention of NM and its readers.

McGrath adjudges *Tidal Wave* a failure as art and poetry on the grounds that it does not measure up to Ferrini's previous volume of poetry, *Blood of the Tenement*. Regardless of how one may feel about this judgment, the fact is clear that *Blood of the Tenement* must be successful as art and poetry.

If this is not so, McGrath's review fails to make sense altogether.

And indeed, *Blood of the Tenement* (like its predecessor, *Injunction*) is great art and great poetry, a permanent contribution to the proletarian literary movement and American culture. People who feel and love poetry recognize that *Blood of the Tenement* and *Injunction* entitle Ferrini to be ranked with the great poets of our time, the worthy inheritor of the revolutionary mantle worn before him by the late Sol Funaroff and the later Alex Bergman. Yet when *Blood of the Tenement* was published, New Masses dismissed it with a cursory few lines that could not even pass for a review among Philistines. In effect, NM pigeonholed a great work of art and earmarked it for oblivion, instead of urging folks to dash pell-mell to the nearest bookshop and bowl over all unfortunate bystanders in order to purchase a copy,

Then when Ferrini publishes a new booklet of poems—*Tidal Wave*—NM uses *Blood of the Tenement* as a club with which to beat Ferrini. These actions, I respectfully submit, do a great disservice to the literary Left which is desperately attempting to effect a renaissance, a great injustice to Ferrini, and cast an unwholesome shadow upon New Masses.

Perhaps there is a reason for such unbecoming conduct. Perhaps the difference in reviewers is responsible for the discrepancy. Whatever the cause may be, in all fairness, if it wishes to be considered a responsible organ and a magazine that will guide the rebuilding of the literary Left, NM should assign someone to re-review *Blood of the Tenement*, someone capable of giving a worthy and temperate review and analysis of Ferrini and his poetry. It is enough that the literary echoes of the boorzwahzee snub a revolutionary poet; let not New Masses keep itself in the same company. I wrote to NM on this rank injustice to Ferrini six months before McGrath's review of *Tidal Wave* without even a personal reply; I earnestly hope NM will see fit to print this letter.

Mike Hecht.

Chicago.

Question

To New Masses: I note in an NM article by Beatrice King (August 6) an inference that strikes are not permitted in the Soviet Union and that there is no necessity for strikes.

In *The Worker* (August 4) Mr. R. J. Thomas, vice president of the UAW-CIO, reporting on his trip to the USSR states: "there are few strikes in Soviet factories, although the existence of the right to strike is strongly emphasized."

There has been much discussion among trade unionists on this question. I believe the point should be clarified.

Jean Berman.

Brooklyn.

Miss King made the point that the assumption that major conflicts must arise between employers and employes which can only be settled by strikes is not valid in the Soviet Union where there is no employer class separate and distinct from employes. This is not in contradiction to Mr. Thomas' report that the Soviet workers have the right to strike and, in fact, have exercised this right in local instances where management has failed to settle grievances or fulfill agreements made with the trade unions.—Ed.

Rubinstein Recommended

To New Masses: In the current issue of *Science and Society* S. L. Rubinstein, a leading figure in Soviet psychology, states: "The alienation of the basic social content of human consciousness has produced the inevitable result that everything of living significance, and all the motives of behavior and its dynamic tendencies, were submerged in the obscure depths of the instincts, the irrational, the *subconscious* (Bergson, Freud)."

This statement is obviously deprecatory of Freud and even the whole concept of the subconscious. It seems to go considerably further than Dr. Wortis in his polemic with Dr. Furst in New Masses. For a more comprehensive examination of several other striking departures from American thinking on psychology I heartily recommend reading Rubinstein's article.

Siesel Mathews.

Phoenix, Ariz.

"I Saw a Man"

To New Masses: I have just been looking through NM and I felt that I should write and tell you what a splendid poem Lewis Allan has written. It is the issue of August 20, the poem is "I Saw A Man." I make a brave attempt to write poetry and no greater tribute can be said of a fellow than: I wish I had written that poem. The beautiful dramatic simplicity of form gives the subject a fine emphasis which would have been lost if dealt with more elaborately.

Maxine B. Esborn.

San Diego.

Bouquet to Boyer

To New Masses: Richard O. Boyer's article on Howard Fast was, in my opinion, the finest piece of writing which has appeared in NM since Forsythe wrote "A World Gone Mad." The clarity and consciousness of writers like Howard Fast, Albert Maltz, Richard O. Boyer and others represents one of the bright spots in an otherwise darkening picture.

Our progressive movement may not have the most, but we certainly have the best, of the contemporary literary crop.

R. K. S.

New York.

On Being American

To New Masses: I enjoyed immensely Richard O. Boyer's review of Howard Fast and *The American* (NM, August 20). However, there is one point, to my mind, which reveals a politically precarious position in Mr. Boyer's observations. He seems to feel that "the American Communists should strive to be as distinctly American as the French Party is distinctly French."

To have stated that each Communist Party should grow and anchor its roots in the working class according to the specific national conditions at hand would have been one thing. But I'm afraid Mr. Boyer inadvertently conjures up another impression. I challenge Mr. Boyer to recall one struggle or issue in which the Communists participated in recent years which is not American. Can he also deny that such struggles are international in scope at the same time? How then does that make the American Communist Party *less* "distinctly American?"

Lou Kaye.

New York.

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review and comment

PIG'S-EYE VIEW

There was once a barnyard filled with beasts: Orwell's overture to a morgue for all mankind.

By MILTON BLAU

ANIMAL FARM, *by George Orwell. Harcourt, Brace.* $1.75.

As a form the fable is a very difficult one to work in. It has a peculiar nature inasmuch as it demands from the author the greatest understanding of life and people, an unfailing insight into what is true. Perhaps for this reason fable tellers are of two kinds: very wise men or just plain liars.

The fable has another quality. When it is good, great masses of people make it a part of their lives. When it is bad it dies, because the durability of a fable is its truth. Orwell's fable, having no truth, digs its own grave in the cow-flops which covers the contrived acre of "Animal Farm."

George Orwell relates the adventures of *Animal Farm* as a fable because his brand of slander is directed against all of mankind and against any possible visions man may have for a better world. Even Trotskyites and fascists know that you can't sell a lie of the Orwell dimension without a measure of dressing in pig-latin.

Mr. Orwell's zoological treatise of Soviet history has as its task the defining of Leon Trotsky as the betrayed hero of socialism and Stalin as the betrayer. (This is logical since Orwell spent his time in Spain working with the Trotskyites in the POUM, whom he defended when they were accused of pro-fascist activity.) As part of the same horse-play Orwell has with his "word magic" tried to turn the Soviet Union into a state which cannot be differentiated from a capitalist state—except (Orwell grunting) that it is worse!

No matter how dexterous the lying, people are not apt to forget that the socialist state and its Red Army under the leadership of Stalin played a great role in crushing fascism. (They did this even while Orwell was busy writing his *Animal Farm.*) The Soviet Union was able to do its job on the battlefield to a large extent because so many pigs like "Snowball" (read Trotsky) had been good and properly stuck. The purging of wreckers and conspirators against the Soviet Union is viewed with great regret by Trotsyites like Orwell who feel that more of their brand of "democracy" and less Soviet Union would make the world a better place—for those happy imperialists who are bent now on the domination of the world and who shout "democracy" as their own magic word.

As to the difference between the Soviet Union and other states, over which the Orwells and such become quite "suddenly" blind, we have some students of world affairs who see it most clearly. There is the "socialist" Bevin and the "democrat" Byrnes, who are demonstrating each day not only that the example of the Soviet Union impedes their crusade to bring the "democratic" grail into Europe and Asia, but that the main trouble with Soviet socialism (as compared to the British version) is that it is too damned socialist!

Yet these Orwell tricks are old ones—not too much of an improvement on Valtin, Kravchenko but good enough for the Book-Of-The-Month Club. Throughout his dull fable Orwell's utter contempt for mankind spews forth. How man's wretched mind works! Orwell reduces the world and the struggle of man for a better world to a barnyard filled with stupid animals. But this is not enough: once having turned man into beast Orwell contrives to show what an ugly beast he is. Along with Orwell's blanket hatred is his "love," which in his fable he bestows, Judas-like, on the horse Boxer.

In Boxer he portrays the working-class, conscious and loyal, but so stupid that he can only learn the first four letters of the alphabet. Orwell argues through Boxer that the more the working-class fights for its own interests the more surely it will be defeated! He concludes, of course, that it is better to accept all the tragedy of capitalism than to see the "stupid" working class rise to power.

It is no accident that *Animal Farm* has as its only human characters exploiters of labor. It is only in this manner and in fable form that Orwell can realize the manhood of his kind. The real progress of man and the growing maturity of the working class all over the earth, portending real democracy, frighten George Orwell and the masters of his barnyard.

Outside of its anti-Sovieteering and its hatred for man, *Animal Farm* has nothing to offer but a flimsy and heavily-worked fable. The animals on Jones' farm, inspired by the old pig, "Major," revolt against Mankind. (Slogan: Death to Humanity.) "Napoleon" and "Snowball" lead the revolution after the death of Major. Snowball, a flamboyant pig, is made the brain; but he is "framed" by Napoleon.

Napoleon then proceeds to "wreck and betray" the new system until, in the end, no one can tell the difference between pigs and people.

You can follow the path of Trotskyite slander throughout the entire dis-

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tortion curve of *Animal Farm* with the aid of the scantiest high school history book. (Trotsky electrified the Soviet Union, indeed!) The historical "accuracy" of the tale prompted the New York *Times* to use the warm praise of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., the Red-baiting historian with the dime store axe.

Animal Farm fully demonstrates the class nature of art. It is a poor writing job seized upon for its "proper" ruling class political view. Some of the enthusiastic critics even compare it to *Alice In Wonderland* and predict for it a classic stature. When ruling-class needs are met almost anything is crowned with an "art" halo. (To mention Haymarket or Altgeld is to immediately cease to be an artist.) It makes no difference to that class that such irresponsibility castrates art. The working class, because it needs the greatest expressions of truth and the most accurate recreations of man and his real society demands, quite oppositely, that art be developed to its highest and most virile level.

Orwell makes his little contribution toward the general preparation of reaction for an anti-Soviet war. *Animal Farm* displays the warped fascist-Trotskyite mind worming its way back into literature; a mind which seethes with hatred for man and argues for nihilism, for the destruction of both man and art.

Seven Philosophies

THE BASIS OF CRITICISM IN THE ARTS, *by Stephen C. Pepper. Harvard University Press.* $2.50.

WHILE criticism in the arts in recent years has been profoundly influenced by Marxism, academic esthetic theory has remained practically unaffected. In this latest book by one of America's leading esthetic theorists, the existence of Marxist esthetics is not even acknowledged. Except for small, fragmentary references to the cultural element in art, the socio-economic dimension which Marxism has added to esthetic theory is hardly grasped.

Pepper says his aim is to examine empirically the basis of criticism in accordance with the "sources, nature and organization of evidence." He discards dogmatism in any form and sets up as criteria of evidence fact as immediately given or the corroboration or dove-tailing facts, on the empirical assumption that "the only way to improve our knowledge and our evidence is to get more evidence."

William Dynner.

The assembly and organization of evidence as the basis for making art judgments are not random, says Pepper, but in practice mean the "application of a sound philosophy to works of art." Whether or not the critic realizes it, any criticism presupposes a system of philosophy. Pepper has surveyed the history of thought and concluded that the systems of philosophy can be reduced to seven. Of these seven philosophies, or "world systems," as he calls them, he rejects three as untenable by modern man because they do not survive the scrutiny of evidence, since they rely upon unfounded common sense assertions, authority, animism or mysticism. He then examines the criteria by which the four surviving world systems judge works of art.

The "mechanistic" view (Santayana, Prall) judges beauty by the hedonistic criterion of *immediate pleasure;* the "contextualistic" view (pragmatism, instrumentalism, James, Bergson, Dewey) asserts that the intensity and depth of the art object *as a whole* is the criterion; the "organistic" view (Hegel, objective idealism, Bosanquet) gives the *absolute integration of feeling* achieved in the art object as the criterion; and the "formistic" view (Plato, Aristotle, Aquinas, Ruskin, Tolstoy) judges art by its *success in representing, expressing and satisfying the ideally normal man.* No one of these criteria, says Pepper, is adequate to judge completely the work of art, but each contributes valid critical elements. Justice is done to beauty by all these norms taken together. Pepper then makes an interesting analysis of sonnets by Shakespeare and Gerard Manley Hopkins from the viewpoint of each world system and thereby attempts to illustrate the validity of his theory that only all these criteria together can yield adequate criticism. In a supplementary essay he analyzes the precise existential boundaries of a work of art in each of the major arts.

Where does dialectical materialism fall into this scheme? Pepper does not consider this world system in the book, but none of the four presumed tenable systems includes Marxism. Clearly it rejects mechanism. Although Marxism stresses "context," its context is more broadly conceived than the that of the contextualists, for Marxism would comprehend socio-economic elements. Although Marxism affirms that the art object has organic connections with the world, it differs from the "organists" in denying their idealistic conception of organism and their absolutistic, rationalistic type of analysis; and although Marxism would include the "formistic" criterion of normality as a basis of judgment, this criterion would not be simplistically applied, and would be interpreted in a class sense. Dialectical materialism is thus outside all four systems. All this is condensed statement, but it should be clear that while Pepper's reduction of world systems has a certain utility, it is incomplete and far from final.

Further, Marxism differs radically from other philosophical systems in being grounded in a thoroughgoing scientific approach. Nowhere does this appear more clearly than in the social sciences, of which esthetics is one. Marxist social analysis begins with socio-economic man, man as he is actually found in society; the central fact of man's relation to society is his relationship to production. This is the new social dimension discovered by Marx and Engels, and academic and bourgeois esthetics has not yet realized or refuses to realize the significance of this revolutionary discovery. This does not in any sense imply that the indubitable contributions of other systems are discarded by Marxism—Marx himself built upon Hegelianism. But it does mean that Marxism has achieved a new synthesis which in the social sciences and esthetics are based on the dominant function of production. The articulation and investigation of Marxism will increasingly demonstrate this truth.

LOUIS HARAP.

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Poetry and Ideas

PERSPECTIVE FOR POETRY, *by Jack Lindsay. A Fore Publication, London. Two shillings.*

ALTHOUGH it was written and published quite some time before the NEW MASSES controversy over Albert Maltz's article, Jack Lindsay's *Perspective For Poetry* might well be considered a timely summary of all sides involved. Himself an author of many volumes of poetry, dramas, novels, biographies and critical works, this Briton is also a radical historian and he handles his theme and variations in the light of historical imperatives. The essay is intensely conceived and executed and plays fair in its estimation of authors, both classic and modern, who succeeded or should have succeeded in advancing the cause of humanity. He is all for a people's movement in the arts and concludes: "In our period the full esthetic integration is bound up with an active participation in the struggle for a classless society, for the actualization of plenty and human wholeness."

In a cultural field pervaded with so many cynics, snobs, escapists, pessimists, and with men once worthy who have given up the struggle and compromised with the gold standard or some easy panacea, Lindsay's pamphlet is a vital challenge to action. And it examines with due courtesy certain prominent left-wing British poets who couldn't stand the progressive gaff any longer and are moving toward the private consolations of mysticism. He calls such men passivists and finds passivism the most dangerous retreat for an author.

"The author must have a world-view, a basic attitude, a system of values; and that means he must take part in the ideological battle. No one, poet or anyone else, can make a statement about life without some propagandistic point, unless he is to talk gibberish; for any statement with meaning will contain values. In fact, all the poets who have so far written, great or small, can be shown to have been propagandists for some set of values. . . . The poet's freedom is his right, his need, to be true to the fullness of life, not to one side of it, but to the complete meaning and movement."

Differing with most left-wing critics, Lindsay pays tribute to T. S. Eliot for "expressing a recoil from a world unintelligible and abandoned to bestial ends." He claims that in *The Wasteland* Eliot uttered "a large-scale historical view of disintegration." But the American-British poet could only realize one-half of the creative process —"the withering and the dying." Rebirth escaped him entirely and history "lost its powers of renewal." Out of the postwar boom and collapse of the late Twenties and early Thirties came three young British poets, Auden, Spender and Day Lewis, who were influenced by Eliot in breaking with traditional forms, and who reached beyond his ethical program by considering some revolution under the Marxian banner. But the "flaw of passivity" which turned Eliot away just at the point where he seemed about to grapple with the fullness of life likewise attacked these three poets. Despite a growing awareness of social and political problems and the development of new technical qualities, each returned to the self instead of embracing a world society, and failed "to expand organically with the historical situation."

In subsequent movements such as Grigson's *New Verse*, Symons' *Twentieth Century Verse*, and *Left Review*, further gains were made in an effort to break the now-recognized barrier of passivity, yet the political appeal "was too often dissevered from the full esthetic issue." And, on a larger scale, the failure of the English people themselves in recognizing the meaning of the Spanish Civil War and of the people's upsurge in the French Popular Front finally revealed that the poet in England was "striving against very difficult forces in his environment." In pre-war Britain, "the flaw of passivity was also in the British people, at the heart of the British labor movement."

In a brief review it is impossible to enumerate all the points made by Lindsay in his dynamic essay. He shows how many an important creator under capitalism was bound to be partly reactionary in his politics, to view socialism only in some utopian form, and to engage in anarchistic fantasies and ironies as the only means of tackling "omnipresent contradictions." He had to go outside realities for a "man-to-man relationship offsetting the distortions of capitalist fetishism which treated men as things, as part of the commodity-market with all its veils and blind forces." The one British poet who looms above all others and means most for our world is William Blake, "the only poet so far who has been esthetically aware of the full implications of history in the industrial epoch."

While Jack Lindsay confines himself to the British scene, American

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parallels are implicit not alone in the field of poetry but in all our writing or mis-writing. In view of the rise of certain Anglo-American interests which now threaten the world with an evil subjugation, a great defense and attack is in cultural union between the progressive forces in America and all other nations, together with the cultural forces of the Soviet Union. "Life-patterns are richly stirred and find revaluation. And for the same reason people in general tend to look more to the arts for the utterance of the new fullness, for the revelation of crisis and the way out."

ALFRED KREYMBORG.

Barons of the Air

VITAL PROBLEMS OF AIR COMMERCE, *edited by Lucien Zacharoff. Duell, Sloan & Pearce.* $3.

AVIATION is a field in which the rivalries of gigantic corporations have dictated the policy of the nation; a field of vital public interests that are often negated, sometimes by monopoly, sometimes by ruthless competition; a field which has had an appalling, though brief, history of corruption and scandal. It is a clear instance of how one of the brightest promises of our times is denied fruition by the single fact that personal and corporate profit stimulate and direct the initiative while community welfare is an accidental by-product.

Aviation has often been described in purple cinematic language, has sometimes been appraised in sociology texts, but has never been exposed or analyzed as it deserves. Emile Gauvreau wrote perhaps the best-known expose of the air trusts; but even his work is over-cautious.

Helliker.

Perhaps, though, the public needs groundwork in the subject before it can be told the whole fantastic story. That groundwork is, in large measure, supplied by Lucien Zacharoff's unique compilation of several essays originally read at sessions of the Aviation Section of the New York Board of Trade. It took a veteran aviation journalist like Zacharoff adequately to appraise such a source of data. For here are the conflicts, the internecine warfare of the magnates; here is the hope; and here are some of the major problems of aviation. The answers to those problems are given by spokesmen of conflicting groups. Though few of them are right from a people's point of view, the answers reveal the forces at work.

These papers are all the more revealing because they were originally meant not for the general public but for the boys in the know. It is plain talk with comparatively little dressing. For example, there is the very revealing controversy between the proponents of monopoly, led fittingly enough by Col. J. Carroll Cone, assistant vice-president of Pan American, and the champions of "regulated competition." The latter's spokesman, Jack Nichols, vice-president of TWA, is a newcomer in international air traffic who wants a crack at the title.

Pan American, which until very recently held an air-tight monopoly in American overseas air transport, upholds the monopoly principle and expands it to endorse an aerial imperialist policy. With remarkable logic Colonel Cone begins with a proposal for monopoly in business, goes on to support nationalism in business and ends with the threat of war for business. He declares that "the British government is envisaging strong cooperation from numerous small foreign countries over which the British have powerful influence, in the operation of this giant Empire combine, which cooperation will, in effect, set up a powerful cartel. The strength of this cartel will be so great that it compels us to unify our efforts in order to hold our own against such a combine."

Scorning the amenities about aviation's functions as a world unifier, Pan Am's spokesman points out that it is unprofitable for us to talk about "freedom of the air." He says: "Our geographical position permits us to fly across the Atlantic to Scandinavia,

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To his cause, Colonel Cone claims, American labor has rallied. He writes: "American labor is strongly opposed to adoption of Freedom of the Air by this country. Mr. William Green has gone on record officially for the AFL in opposition. . . ." There is no intimation in the Colonel's address that any other spokesmen for labor exist. Green is enough for him.

And if there is to be one world, presumably it is to be an American one. "For it is true that a strong position in the new world of the air rightfully belongs to the American generations to come."

This review has dealt at considerable length with Colonel Cone's argument because it seemed such a perfect illustration of imperialism in action. There are many other essays which, taken singly, reveal the classic lines of a too-familiar crassness. But some are honest, if short-sighted, approaches to aviation problems; and taken in sum, the collection constitutes a valuable survey.

However, it suffers from two limitations. One is in the nature of the book itself. No collection of speeches delivered before the New York Board of Trade would be likely to contain a profound analysis which would reveal aviation's importance and dangers to the peoples of the world. The other weakness of the book lies in the absence of comment from the editor. If the chairman had intervened to clarify matters and relate the varying speeches to the central problems it would have made a more important book. As it is, Editor Zacharoff has mined a valuable quantity of raw material. Now we're ready for the assayers: the analysts, the economists, the historians, the exposers.

FREDERICK S. WINTER.

Rich and Various

A LITTLE TREASURY OF MODERN POETRY, *edited by Oscar Williams. Scribner's. $2.75.*

WITH this collection of "best" poems written during the past fifty years, Oscar Williams reaffirms his bid for the position of our leading anthologist—a place held previously for many years by Louis Untermeyer. Mr. Williams' principles of selection are new, and insofar as they break with academic precedent, seem a welcome innovation. Here are all (or almost all) the great names in Anglo-American poetry of the last half century: Housman, Frost, Yeats, Eliot, Auden and the others; and here also are many lesser-known poets, including some of our youngest ones, whom one would not have found in anthologies of the past.

Mr. Williams' criteria of choice are admittedly individual: "I made my basic rule for the choice of poems very simple: if a poem gave me that experience which I have learned comes as a reaction to reading a true poem, I included it, provided it conformed to my space limitations." For such a principle of selection there is much to be said (providing the selector exhibits discriminating taste in his selections, as Mr. Williams does on the whole). It grants us the satisfaction of sharing the anthologist's pleasure in discovery of much fresh and original work which has not yet received general acceptance. And it spares us the burden of dutifully examining all that dreary freight which weighs down most anthologies of the past, packed along simply because it bears the stamp of what the anthologist conceives to be "general acceptance."

The limitations of Mr. Williams' taste lead of course to omissions. The most surprising is that of Carl Sandburg. One is not surprised, in view of Sandburg's non-appearance, to find that Mr. Williams also omits most of the poets whose work is noted particularly for its progressive political content: Norman Corwin, Norman Rosten and others who came to prominence before them in the 1930's (although he groups a number of poems under the heading of "Class Struggle"). But the omission also of such well-established poets as John Malcolm Brinnin, Robert Fitzgerald and Josephine Miles is only a little less surprising than that of Sandburg. And among others whose work seems likely

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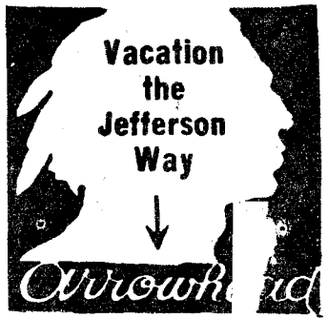

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to win them established reputations soon we might have expected to find Denis Devlin and Robert Lowell included.

Despite the omissions, however, Mr. Williams' anthology undoubtedly remains the best so far available, for it does afford a comprehensive introduction to a rich variety of the best poetry written in our times. It includes, besides, a section devoted to modern light verse and Mr. Williams' preface analyzing current practice in the poetic field. One might quarrel with some of his metaphysical reflections here; but in general, his account is fairly informative.

WALT MCELROY.

Peasant Community

MALAY FISHERMEN: THEIR PEASANT ECONOMY, *by Raymond Firth. Institute of Pacific Relations.* $4.50.

THIS book, which should be of great interest to economists and students of economics, is the result of a year's field research by two anthropologists. It describes the economy of a simple Malay peasant community in practice. This culture uses money and depends on the sale of most of its produce for its livelihood. There is a simple form of capital—savings invested in individually owned expensive fishing-gear. Nearly one-third of the fishermen make just enough for minimal subsistence, and even more own no major gear. However, the class lines are not sharp as work is cooperative, though on an individual basis; owners are themselves workers, payment is in division of proceeds rather than wages, and there is little difference in scale of living.

All this is described in fascinating detail, with technical graphs and charts, and also vivid accounts of individual bargaining transactions, case histories of capital accumulation, and so forth. Mr. Firth raises, but presents all too briefly, the question of the applicability of our own economic categories and the problems which may arise with increasing mechanization. He does, however, point out that the groundwork is such as to lead to a possible development of sharper class differentiation, with a native capitalist-managerial class. The book makes clear the value of anthropological techniques for understanding even the technical subject matter of other disciplines relating to simpler cultures.

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WHEN CIO-PAC started the School of Political Action Techniques in Washington, D.C., in June, the response was so great that they expanded the idea to include key points throughout the country. Planned for the near future are the Midwest School in Chicago, September 4-7; schools in Columbia, Mo., September 7-8; Detroit, September 20-21; Boston, September 20-22; New Haven, September 27-28; San Francisco, September 27-29; and in New York for one day, October 6. Classes cover all phases of forthcoming election procedure and analysis of government functions. With absolutely no material to proceed from students participated in the writing of material which will be compiled and published as an illustrated manual.

The Civil Rights Congress of New York is circulating a signature petition protesting the Georgia lynchings. Stab the KKK with your fountain pen. . . . Stage For Action now has ten companies hard at work on election campaign scripts. . . . The progressive musical satire *Keynotes of Unity*, by Bob Adler and Elmer Bernstein, will open at the Fraternal Clubhouse, 110 W. 48th St., N. Y., on September 22. Born at Camp Unity, the material was tested throughout the season for audience reaction. On the strength of what they saw, the audiences became angels to an unfinished production by buying tickets in advance. . . . By the use of film song-strips projected against buildings, People's Songs gets a rooted-to-the-spot attention from street rallies.

More information coming later on the book bought by Edward Choate, the producer, to be adapted to the stage. Subject deals with Negro and white relations.

Notes on writers: Albert Halper closed his typewriter on a new novel about Brooklyn entitled *The Web*. . . . Advance sales on the Eliott Roosevelt book, *As He Saw It*, have been so great that publishers Duell Sloan & Pearce have lowered the price from $3.50 to $3.00. . . . Boni & Gaer, publishers of the dollar edition of *The Great Conspiracy Against Russia*, are putting out Maxim Gorky's *Love's Orphans*, translated into English for the first time; *Russian Literature Since*

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the Revolution by Dr. Joshua Kunitz; an anthology of novels, poetry and short stories; Victor Bernstein's book on the Nuremburg trials, and Richard Sasuly's *War in the Making*, the story of I.G. Farben. Original documents for the last-named book were picked up in Germany.

The School of Jewish Studies, 13 Astor Place, New York, has some important courses lined up for the fall semester. The Palestine issue, Jews in America and other topics of vital meaning will be dealt with. The school is conducting a fund-raising campaign for $30,000.

News from Chicago: The People's Theater Group, under the direction of William Moore, is working on *Homecoming*, a two-scene play on recent Southern "incidents." One of the two central characters is a blind Negro vet. . . . Packinghouse Workers' Bill Johnson with accompanist Sonia Austin have been entertaining people with labor songs. . . . Paul Robeson was enthusiastic about Gregory Pascal, American Youth for Democracy baritone who sang at the recent International Worker's Order banquet for Robeson in that town.

Attention New Yorkers: You won't want to miss the celebration of the twenty-seventh anniversary of the Communist Party, USA, which will be held in the Garden, Thursday night, September 19. A feature of the evening will be a historical pageant on the Party's years of struggle and growth, which is being authored by Mark Hess and produced under the supervision of Pearl Mullins. Tickets at the Workers' Bookshop, 50 E. 13 St. and at Bookfair, 133 W. 44 St.

RUTH STARR.

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